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OPERA-BOUFFÉ.—Managers requiring Ladies or Gentlemen for Singing Business will find an extensive List of Artists at Mr. R. D'OYLEY CARTE'S Office.

Mr. Carte is Agent for all the principal Theatres in London and the Provinces at which musical pieces are played.—OPERA AND CONCERT AGENCY, 20, Charing-cross.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—OPEN DAILY (except Sunday). Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d. Amongst the most recent additions are a pair of the gigantic Tortoises of Aldabra Islands, in the Indian Ocean, and a Chimpanzee, presented by Captain Lees.

MDME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street. PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alfonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Keeney, M.P. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 Portrait Models of Celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—ENGLAND'S HOME OF MYSTERY.—The most wonderful entertainment in the world. At 3 and 8 EVERY lawful DAY throughout the year. Admission. Fauteuils, 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 1s. Box-office open all day, where seats can be booked free of charge; also at all the Agents in the City and West-End.
 Manager, W. MORRIS.

MR. MASKELYNE'S NEW SENSATION.—The latest and most startling novelty at the EGYPTIAN HALL is the extraordinary feat of Mr. Maskelyne floating his own body over the heads of the audience, under the following circumstances:—The spirit form of John King commands the fetters to drop from the hands and feet of the performer; the spirit, without touching Mr. Maskelyne, brings him from the cabinet to the committee, who examine and testify that there are no ropes attached. Mr. Maskelyne thereupon gradually ascends from the stage, and, following the pointed direction of the spirit, floats in the air over the audience and within a few inches of the lofty dome in the centre of the hall. The body then changes position, and returns to the stage in a horizontal position. During the whole time a brilliant light is thrown upon the body, clearly showing that there are no suspenders either over the head or under the feet.

MASKELYNE and COOKE'S TIME TABLE. At 3 and 8 o'clock, Plate-Spinning Extraordinary by Mr. Maskelyne; at 3.30 and 8.30 Psycho's Conjuring and Whist Playing; at 4 and 9, Mr. Manton's Wonderful Performance on his Musical Novelty, the Crystal-phonicon; at 4.30 and 9.30, Séances in exposure of the modern imposition called Spiritualism, introducing spirit voices, hands, forms, luminous musical instruments floating in the air, and the latest sensation of Mr. Maskelyne floating his own body about the hall.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Actual and only responsible Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Baldwin Buckstone. Every Evening, at 7.30 precisely, the Performances will commence with Planche's Comic Drama, in one Act, *SPRING GARDENS*, in which Mr. Buckstone will appear as Scoreup (his original character), supported by Messrs. Conway, Weathersby, Gordon, &c.; Miss Minnie Walton and Miss Edith Challis. At 8.15, a New and Original Comedy by H. J. Byron, entitled *MARRIED IN HASTE*. Act 1, A Short Courtship; Scene—Mr. Grainger's New House. Act 2, The Little Old Gentleman; Scene—At a Lake Hotel. Act 3, The Storm Breaks; Scene—Augustus's Studio. Act 4, My Uncle; Scene—Bloomsbury Lodgings. New Scenery by Mr. O'Connor. Characters by Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. C. Warner, Howe, Rogers, Braid, Osborne, Rivers, and Mr. Henry J. Byron; Miss Emily Thorne, Miss Harrison, and Miss Carlotta Addison. Stage Manager, Mr. Coe. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. No free list. Box-office open from 10 till 5.
 A MORNING PERFORMANCE OF *MARRIED IN HASTE* will be given on SATURDAY NEXT, OCT. 23. Doors open at 2; commence at 2.30; carriages at 5.

LYCEUM.—MACBETH.—EVERY EVENING at 8. Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe). Preceded, at 7, by A HAPPY PAIR. Box-office open daily, from 10 till 5. Booking fees abolished. Lessee and Manager, Mrs. Bateman.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. and Mrs. BOUCICAULT in the great Irish Drama *SHAUGHRAUN*, illustrated with beautiful scenery by William Beverly, at 7.45 every evening, preceded by the *WHITE HAT*. To conclude with A NABOB FOR AN HOUR. Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING. Enormous Success of "Our Boys."

At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Sugden, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKAY.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE. CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—LAST WEEK BUT ONE.—THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, OCT. 16, FAUST; Monday, Oct. 18, "Marriage of Figaro;" Tuesday, Oct. 19, "Siege of Rochelle;" Wednesday, Oct. 20, "Bohemian Girl;" Thursday, Oct. 21, "Porter of Havre;" Friday, Oct. 22, "Trovatore."

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN. PROMENADE CONCERTS, under the direction of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Every Night, at 8. Signor Arditi, Conductor. Mdlle. Heilbron, Mdlle. Oria, and Mdlle. Lelia Bertie every night. Signor Palladini every night. Herr Wilhelm, the great Violinist, every night. German Night on Wednesday next. Soloists, Messrs. Reynolds, Young, Hughes, Harvey, Ould, Lazarus, &c. Band of 100 Performers and Band of the Coldstream Guards. Stalls, 3s.; Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, 10s. 6d. to £3 3s. Box-office open from 10 to 5, under the direction of Mr. Hall.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.—Great Success of *FLAMINGO*. On SATURDAY, OCT. 9, and Every Evening, at 7 o'clock, a New Farce by E. Manuel, *THE DOCTOR'S BROUGHAM*; at 8 the Comedy by the late W. Brough, *KIND TO A FAULT*; and conclude with *FLAMINGO*; or, The Rook and the Cause. Doors open 6.30.

ALHAMBRA.—The GRAND THEATRE of LONDON.—Manager, Mr. J. A. CAVE.

SPECTRESHEIM, a superb Pot Pourri of all Modern Attractions. Music by M. Jacobi. Splendid Scenery by Callcott; Machinery by Sloman and Hall. Placed on the stage by J. A. Cave, introducing William Rignold, Frank Hall, Harry Paulton, and Henry Walsham; Mesdames Katherine Munro, Marion West, Emma Chambers, the Majiltons, &c. New Grand Ballet, *CUPID IN ARCADIA*—Mdlle. Pitteri, with Mdlles. Sidonie, Sismoldi, and Pertoldi. Upwards of 100 Corps de Ballet and 200 Band and Chorus. Conducted by M. Jacobi. Farce, and Lauri's Comic Ballet. Commence at 7.15 p.m.—ALHAMBRA.

THE ROYAL PARK THEATRE (late Alexandra), Park-street, Gloucester-gate, Regent's Park.

On SATURDAY, OCT. 16, and Every Evening, at 7, the Laughable Farce of *TURN HIM OUT*; to be followed by the world-renowned Opera-Bouffe, *GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT*, in which Miss Emily Soldene will sustain her original character of Drogan, supported by most of the artists in the original cast, including Mesdames Rose Lee, Amalia, Annie Collins, Lizzie Robson, Joughman, Cummings, and Clara Vesey; Messrs. Rouse, Rae, Felix Bury, Cummings, and Mat Robson, with a chorus of thirty voices. During the Opera will be introduced a Grand Divertissement (arranged by M. Dewinne) by the celebrated Mdlle. Sara (her first appearance in two years), supported by a brilliant troupe of coryphées. A most efficient orchestra, conducted by M. Lindheim. The Opera produced under the immediate direction of Miss Soldene. Acting Manager, Mr. W. Corbyn. Stage Manager, Mr. Naylor. Box-office now open. No fees for booking. Seats from 6d. to 6s. Private Boxes from 10s. 6d. to £3 3s. Oper at 6.30; curtain to rise at 7.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole

Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.—Dancing on the Monstre Platform. The Grounds Brilliantly Illuminated. On MONDAY, and every Evening during the week, to commence, at 7, with a new and original Drama, by Mr. Geo. Conquest and Henry Pettitt, entitled *SENTENCED TO DEATH*; or, Paid in His Own Coin, with new and elaborate Scenery, illustrating popular Views on the River Lea. Characters by Messrs. W. James, G. Sennett, Geo. Conquest, Symes, B. Morton, Vincent, &c.; Misses E. Miller, Victor, Inch, &c. After which the Grand Ballet *VIOLETTA*. To conclude with *EAST LYNNE*. On THURSDAY (for the Benefit of Mr. C. Fraser), to conclude with a Favourite Drama and Incidentals. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—EVERY

EVENING at 6.45, the successful Domestic Drama, called *THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE*—Mrs. S. Lane as Mrs. Pippis; Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton, Fox, Bigwood, Lewis, Parry, Hyde; Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Rayner, Mrs. Newham. Miscellaneous Entertainment. Doughty's Performing Dogs. Miss Willie Walton (Vocalist), Tom Maclean (Vocalist and Dancer). Concluding with *SOME BELLS THAT RANG*. Messrs. Reynolds, Bell, Reeve; Mdlles. Bellair, J. Summers, and Mrs. W. Newham.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.

Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass. Immense success of the Adelphi Drama, by Andrew Halliday, Esq., *NICHOLAS NICKLEBY*. On MONDAY, OCT. 18, and every Evening, the Drama *NICHOLAS NICKLEBY*. Messrs. Odell, Belford, Brittain Wright, Hamilton, Byrne, Redmond. Mesdames Furtado, Baldwin, Brunton, Cuthbert. Scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass. Preceded by, at 7 o'clock, *CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS*. Conclude with *BRAVE AS A LION*.

MR.

SOTHERN'S
PROVINCIAL TOUR.

BIRMINGHAM, T. R.	Oct. 11 to „ 23.
LIVERPOOL, Alexandra Theatre	„ 25 to Nov. 6.
MANCHESTER, Princess's Theatre	Nov. 8 to „ 20.
DUBLIN, T. R.	„ 22 to Dec. 4.
BELFAST, T. R.	Dec. 6 to „ 18.

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 M. H. CHADWICK, 4, St. Mary's-street, Manchester.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Calendar for Week ending OCT. 23, 1875.

MONDAY, OCT. 18.—Fête of the Royal Naval Hospital School. Midget Hanlons.

TUESDAY, OCT. 19.—Standard English Comedy. Midget Hanlons.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 20.—GREAT HARVEST COMMEMORATION. Midget Hanlons.

THURSDAY, OCT. 21.—"Nicholas Nickleby," by the Adelphi company. Festival and Last Display of Fireworks. Midget Hanlons.

FRIDAY, OCT. 22.—Orchestral Band. Midget Hanlons.

SATURDAY, OCT. 23.—Fourth Saturday Concert. Midget Hanlons. Monday to Friday, One Shilling; Saturday, Half a Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

ALEXANDRA PALACE. GREAT POULTRY SHOW WEEK.

Arrangements for Week commencing 18th inst.

MONDAY.—Colleen; and, daily, Sisters Anderson, daughters of Professor Anderson.

TUESDAY.—GREAT INTERNATIONAL POULTRY SHOW (First Day). OPERA, with Carl Rosa Opera Company.

WEDNESDAY.—GREAT INTERNATIONAL POULTRY SHOW (Second Day). Mr. Buckstone and Haymarket Company.

THURSDAY.—GREAT INTERNATIONAL POULTRY SHOW (Last Day). OUR BOYS, with Vaudeville Theatre Company.

FRIDAY.—Sisters Anderson, Concert, &c.

SATURDAY.—OPERA, FAUST, with Carl Rosa Opera Company; Evening Band, Promenade, &c.

Admission, One Shilling each Day, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

ALEXANDRA PALACE GREAT POULTRY and PIGEON SHOW, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY NEXT. The largest collection ever exhibited. Special performances in Theatre each day. (See Above.) One Shilling.

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BALLOT OF FELLOWS.

Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of becoming Fellows of the Royal Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden Society should at once send for application forms from the Secretary, and return them to the Offices of the Society.

As the number of Fellows will be limited, and as hereafter members will only be elected when vacancies occur, original applicants will be balloted for in order of application.

ELECTION AND PRIVILEGES OF FELLOWS.

1. Every candidate for Admission as a Fellow or Member shall be proposed at one election meeting and balloted for at the next.

2. Fellows will alone have the right of admission on Sundays, together with the privilege of writing orders for two.

3. All fellows balloted for and elected by the Council of Fellows or by the Executive for the time being will be entitled to free admission on all occasions on which the building is open, as also to the free use of the reading-rooms and library, and a ticket free in the Art-Union of the Society.

4. Three Special Fêtes will be held annually, at which Fellows, members, and their nominees will alone be entitled to be present. These Fêtes will be amongst the most exclusive and fashionable of the forthcoming season.

5. By the rule incorporated in the articles of association of the Society, no Fellow is in any way liable to contribute to the debts and liabilities of the Society beyond his donation of £5 5s. and his annual subscription of £2 2s.

BRUCE PHILLIPS, Secretary.

Offices, Broadway-chambers, Westminster, S.W.

ROYAL AQUARIUM and SUMMER and WINTER GARDEN SOCIETY.

NOTICE TO ARTISTS.

The following gentlemen, among others, have already consented to act on the Art Committee of the Royal Aquarium Society:

J. E. Millais, Esq., R.A.	R. Redgrave, Esq., R.A.
The Earl of Clarendon.	Lord Alfred Paget.
W. Calder Marshall, Esq., R.A.	Henry Weekes, Esq., R.A.
Lord de Lisle and Dudley.	Lord Skelmersdale.
E. W. Wyon, Esq.	E. W. Cooke, Esq., R.A.
General Cotton, C.S.I.	S. C. Hall, Esq., F.S.A.
G. D. Leslie, Esq., A.R.A.	H. S. Marks, Esq., A.R.A.
G. A. Cruikshank, Esq.	E. J. Coleman, Esq.
F. A. Marshall, Esq.	J. R. Planche, Esq.
Baron Alfred Rothschild.	The Earl of Dunraven.
Lord Carington.	Lord Newry.
Tom Taylor, Esq.	Joseph Durham, Esq., A.R.A.

The Society will be PREPARED TO RECEIVE PICTURES and other

WORKS OF ART for EXHIBITION on and after DEC. 1. No Pictures or other Objects of Art will be received after Dec. 11.

The Society's Gold Medal and £100 will be awarded for the best Oil Painting exhibited, as also the Society's Gold Medal and £50 for the best Water Colour, and the Society's Gold Medal and £50 for the best Statue.

Five Silver Medals and Five Bronze Medals will also be placed at the disposal of the Art-Committee for award for special merit.

Prizes to the amount of £2000 will also be given away for distribution amongst Fellows and Season-Ticket Holders in the Art-Union of the Society, and these prizes will be mainly selected from the Society's Gallery.

The acceptance or rejection of Pictures and the award of the Society's Medals will be left solely in the hands of the Art-Committee.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—The Collection of FISHES and other Aquatic Animals in this magnificent Establishment is unequalled for variety, rarity, and the number and size of the specimens exhibited. Sterlet, mackerel, &c., can here, and nowhere else, be seen in captivity.

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THE GAMEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

TROUT-FISHING IN LOCH LEVEN.

LOCH-FISHING has been described—somewhat unfairly, I venture to think—as the “prose of angling.” It cannot, indeed, boast of the countless attractions and fascinations of river-fishing—the ever-shifting panorama of mountain, water, and wood—the varying changes of scenery which the landscape presents as you ramble along the banks of some glorious trout-stream—now a broad, sleepy pool, now a brawling torrent, now a long stretch of undulating “glide,” broken here and there into swirls and eddies, such as the angler’s heart loves; but he who has ever cast a line upon the broad bosoms of Loch Awe, Loch Katrine, or Loch Leven must have indeed a dull soul within him if he cannot appreciate the “poetry” of the sport. And in all broad Scotland there is no fairer spot than Loch Leven. Less grand, perhaps, than Loch Awe, less exquisitely lovely than Loch Katrine, it has about it a picturesque beauty of its own, which, once seen, is indelibly photographed on the memory. Above and beyond all this, Loch Leven possesses for the angler irresistible attractions; for are not the

trout of this historical water famous in story, not to say verse? and do not its mysterious depths contain fish the like of which human eye hath never beheld in any river, loch, or stream of the three kingdoms—fish which have never been known in the memory of the oldest inhabitant even so much as to wink at the angler’s lure, charm he never so wisely? Loch Leven is not one of the so-called “free-rising lakes” with which Scotland abounds; on the contrary, it has rather the reputation of being a “sulky” water, and on many days, often many days together, the angler will return home in the evening with an all but empty creel; or, unless he be endowed with that “large measure of patience” so essential to the “lover of the angle,” will be tempted to give it up in despair before half the day is over, in the full conviction that loch-fishing is a delusion and a snare. And yet there are times when the loch will yield glorious sport, and the persevering fisherman will reap a rich reward for all his disappointments. When those times will come, or when they are at hand, I firmly believe no one can predict with any approach to certainty—no, not even the gillie, mighty in weather lore, who has spent a

lifetime on its banks, and professes to know the habits and instincts of everything that flies, runs, or swims—for the fish of Loch Leven are not as other fish, and own no obedience to those subtle meteorological influences to which we poor, misguided anglers vainly delude ourselves the whole finny race is amenable. Often when the day looks most promising—when wind and weather are exactly “right”—when the dark water leaps with that glorious “curl” which sets the angler’s heart leaping in unison, and the trout ought to be, if properly-constituted fish, in their hungriest and most frolicsome of moods—at such times it will happen that all the arts of the most experienced angler will be expended in vain; not a fin will stir; not a fish will be tempted to move by the brightest of spinning baits or the daintiest of flies. On other days, when weather signs are dead against you—when there is thunder in the air—when the sky is a speckless blue, and the sun blazes on the mirrored water with tropical radiance—you may, strange to say, fill your basket. The very best sport I ever had on Loch Leven was on such a day. It was early in September, but the atmosphere was that of an English June—a broiling hot sun,

with not a breath of wind to raise the slightest ripple on the water, which was as smooth as a millpond. My boatman, whom I had engaged overnight, and who, curiously enough, was an Irishman answering to the name of Nat, born in county Leitrim, though of a Scotch mother, met me at the appointed hour, but shook his head ominously when I expressed my intention of going out. "Bedad! your Honour might just as well throw your Honour's hat in," was his encouraging remark, but my stay was short, and I meant fishing at all hazards, so I turned a deaf ear to all remonstrance. As we shoved off, however, I could not help observing a sly twinkle in my attendant's eye, as though he enjoyed the joke of having the care of a genuine cockney sportsman. However, he took the sculls willingly enough, and we were soon under way for a small island about half a mile distant, where Nat was of opinion that we might pick up a stray fish in the shoal water, which extended about one hundred yards to the west of the island. To pass the time I rigged up a phantom minnow, the only one I had with me, and allowed the bait to trail about forty yards astern of the boat. I was just in the act of putting down the rod to light a pipe when a sudden jerk almost tugged the rod out of my hand, and the "whirr-r" of my reel and an astonished "Hoor-oo" from Nat told me I was into a good fish. He went off like a flash of lightning, and before I could check him in the least had taken out another twenty yards of line, and for upwards of five minutes I could scarcely get a foot in. Presently, however, he began to show symptoms of having had enough of it, and I gradually got on better terms with him; and, after an exciting fight of another three minutes, I wound in a splendid fish, which turned the scale just two ounces under three pounds. Such a capture had, of course, to be "wetted" with all due solemnities appertaining to the first fish of the day, on the conclusion of which rites we continued our journey to the island, but without getting another "run." On reaching the edge of the shoal water I rigged up my fly-rod and commenced operations. At the second cast I was fast into a nice fish of about a pound, which was followed on the subsequent throw by another a few ounces heavier, and immediately afterwards by a third; and in less than half an hour I had bagged seven good fish, the heaviest of which, taken with the fly, weighed just under 2lb. The most extraordinary part of the business was that the water was perfectly bright and still, and, with the exception of the fish that came at my flies, there was scarcely a rise to be seen on the whole loch. I observed, however, that the trout when they took my flies scarcely ever more than broke the surface of the water, but came with that peculiar steady tug which every flyfisher knows so well, and, knowing, duly appreciates. At last there came a lull, and then a couple of half-pounders; and, under the advice of Nat, we drifted in a little closer to the island, bringing up finally about twenty yards or something less from the shore. Here my fisherman suggested that I should make a cast close into the bank where there was a little inlet, which looked as though it might shelter a good fish. This I accordingly did, and my tail-fly dropped lightly enough about six inches from the shore, close to a patch of weed. The response was the faintest stir in the water, a little dimpling circle, scarcely bigger than would have been made by dropping in a pea. I struck mechanically, and a splendid fish jumped, like a bar of burnished silver, three feet into the air, and then made a headlong rush for the root of an old stump which stood half submerged in water a dozen yards off. If he once reached the shelter of that friendly harbour all was over, and I had no alternative but to put on all the strain my tackle would bear, and, for a moment, I thought all was over; but the next instant he came to a sudden halt, and then, by good luck, made a plunge into the deep water. A most exciting fight ensued. Now he would rush straight as an arrow from the boat, taking a score yards of line with him, and spring high in air at the end of the run;—now he would burrow into the depths of the loch, and then as suddenly reappear fighting on the surface;—now he would double back on me, as though bent on running under the boat. But throughout all these antics I kept a tight line on him, relaxing for a moment only as he jumped out of the water, and putting on the pressure again the instant he showed symptoms of flagging. Gradually his rushes grew shorter and weaker, and each successive effort to detach the cruel steel served only to further exhaust him, till at last he sullenly turned up his silver side and allowed himself to be towed unresistingly into the net—a noble four-pounder, in the pink of condition. I have captured many a spotted beauty since, but never one more goodly proportioned, or a gamier or handsomer fish. Need I add that his obsequies were worthily honoured with a goodly libation of "mountain dew," poured with no niggard hand?

After such an exciting incident the remainder of the day's sport was comparatively tame. We, however, fished on perseveringly till the shades of evening began to fall, and returned home with the best dish of trout I ever saw taken by one rod. Altogether there were thirty-three fish, ranging from half a pound to four pounds, and averaging very considerably above a pound a fish; and these taken, be it remembered, on a day when "it was useless to go out." But it was really the only good day I ever had on Loch Leven. I fished it on several occasions subsequently, drawing a blank on one or two days, and never getting more than four or five fish, and those of no size; but that one day's glorious sport will long dwell in my memory.

One little episode remains to be told. As we returned home, I again rigged out my phantom minnow and trailed it across the loch. Nothing, however, offered until within about one hundred yards of the shore, when, as I was in the act of hauling it in, a huge fish seized it. I held him for a moment—but only a moment; for, alas! the line had got foul of the handle of the reel, and the next instant it came home minus trace and phantom. My boatman maintained that the fish, from the way in which he took the bait, must have been a great lake-trout, or *salmo ferox*; but all I know is neither of us even got a glimpse of him. If he is still alive, at the bottom of Loch Leven, I trust my phantom and flights do not seriously inconvenience him.

I hope my readers will give me credit for having written an article on Loch Leven without even a passing allusion to Mary Queen of Scots.

HACKLE.

ST. CRISPIN'S DAY AND THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BALAK-LAVA CHARGE.—A correspondent calls attention to the fact that Oct. 25 is St. Crispin's Day, when, according to Shakespeare, in the year 1415, Henry V. fought and won the battle of Agincourt, though the force against him outnumbered his as six to one. The survivors of the Six Hundred will therefore be celebrating two striking military events at once; and the words of the great poet, spoken by King Henry on the eve of the fight, are as appropriate to the event in the Crimea as they were to the heroic struggle in Picardy. They occur in act iv. scene 3 of the play which bears the monarch's name.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough-Lovenges, which are sold by all Chemists, in boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d.—N.B. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[ADVT.]

The Drama.

THE CRITERION reopened again, under the management of M. Pitron, on Saturday evening, with, for the first time in English, Lecocq's comic opera, *Fleur de Thé*, a notice of which stands over.

THE ROYALTY reopened on Monday, under the management of Mr. Charles Morton, who has wisely resumed in his programme the two successful pieces of last season—Offenbach's *La Périchole* and Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Trial by Jury*, with, however, some alterations in the cast of both pieces. In the former Mr. Knight Aston replaces Mr. Walter Fisher, now at the Criterion, as Piquillo, the lover of *La Périchole*, still represented with all the grace and refinement of old by Madame Selina Dollaro. Mr. Aston possesses a light tenor voice of agreeable quality, which he uses with taste and judgment, and acts with spirit and ease. Mr. E. Connell is efficient as the new Don Pedro, and Mr. Frederick Sullivan retains his original part of Don Andreo the Viceroy. In the cantata *Trial by Jury* Mr. Sullivan was again inimitable as the Judge, gaining a vociferous encore for the song in which he relates the means by which he attained a seat on the bench, and the laughter his quaint humour excited throughout culminating in his declaration to settle the case by marrying the plaintiff himself. In this amusing piece Miss Linda Verner now enacts with great vivacity and point the part of the plaintiff, formerly sustained by Miss Nelly Bromley, and Mr. W. Courtney satisfactorily represents the gay defendant, in succession to Mr. Walter Fisher. The minor characters are well filled, while the chorus and band, from long practice, work admirably together, so that a most agreeable ensemble is the result, and a continuance of the former success of *La Périchole* and *Trial by Jury* may be confidently reckoned on. Prince Leopold and his suite were present on the opening night.

THE QUEEN'S was opened for one night on Saturday, when *Macbeth* was represented for the benefit of Mr. Ryder, who appeared as the guilty Thane of Cawdor, and the part of Lady Macbeth was essayed by a pupil of Mr. Ryder, who made her first appearance on the stage on the occasion.

OPERA COMIQUE.—This theatre opens, under the Dunraven and Burnand confederacy, to-night with a new piece of absurdity by Mr. W. Austin, called *A Tempting Bait*, as the *lever de rideau*, and a new and original comedy in three acts by Mr. F. C. Burnand, entitled *Proof Positive*, the characters in which will be sustained by Messrs. W. J. Hill, Flockton, Markby, Temple, Herbert, J. Robins, and Mr. George Clarke, from the New York theatres, his first appearance in England; Mrs. Leigh Murray, Mesdames Ada Lester, Carruthers, D'Aguilar, and Miss M. Oliver.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The comedies selected for representation here this week have been so long strangers to the stage—the second especially—that they must have been absolute novelties to the majority of the audiences; while they were invested with an additional interest, as a leading character in each of the revivals was sustained by Mr. W. Granby, the popular actor and stage-manager for very many years of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, who made his first appearance for twenty-two years in the metropolis. On Tuesday J. Morton's old-fashioned comedy, *Speed the Plough*, was performed, with Mr. W. Granby as Sir Abel Hardy, Mr. W. H. Vernon as the volatile Bob, Mr. Righton as Ushfield, Mr. Grisdale as Blandford, and Miss Carlisle as Susan. On Thursday the revival was Mrs. Inchbald's *Everyone Has His Fault*, supported in the leading characters by Messrs. W. Granby, Howard Russell, E. Atkins, E. Terry, W. Rignold, and Edward Price; Misses Alice Ingram, Maria Daley, and Maggie Brennan. *The Man o' Airlie*, with Mr. Hermann Vezin, Miss Carlisle, and Miss Carlotta Leclercq, is announced for next Tuesday.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The series of operas in English by the Carl Rosa company from the Princess's are continued here with increasing popularity. *The Bohemian Girl* was given on Saturday and *Fra Diavolo* on Tuesday, Miss Rose Hersee sustaining the principal rôle in each. Flotow's *Martha* is announced for this afternoon. English comedy resumed its place in the theatre here on Thursday, when Lord Lytton's *Money* was produced, under the direction of Mr. E. Righton, with a very excellent cast, including Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Voltaire, Edgar Bruce, Teesdale, G. W. Anson, Belford, and E. Righton, and Mesdames E. Rita, Ada Ward, and Carlotta Addison.

MARRIED IN HASTE, AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

It may appear churlish on our part to award a stinted measure of praise to a piece which has already taken the town captive—a piece which presents every prospect of a prolonged run; but we entertain a high opinion of Mr. Byron's capacity, and therefore cannot help regarding *Married in Haste*, successful though it is, as a somewhat flimsy piece of work. The nephew, "with prospects," of an eccentric old uncle, enters the family of a wealthy stockbroker, falls in love with the daughter, who reciprocates his affection, and, after some opposition on the part of father and stepmother, marries, his disguise having been stripped off by a benevolent friend who has stepped upon the scene at the right moment. They spend their honeymoon at the English Lakes, and are then discovered by the uncle, who discards his nephew, who is thereupon left, with a long hotel bill unpaid, at the mercy of the landlord. Again the friend turns up and—pays the bill. In the third act (the incidents we have cursorily dealt with are contained in the first two acts) we find the artist and his wife doing their utmost to gain a livelihood by painting. Although the public are slow to appreciate and purchase the efforts of the husband, and he is so absurdly jealous of his wife's talents—she paints better than he—as to object to her selling her works, they might be happy enough if he did not leave her so much alone; in fact, he has found an attraction abroad in the person of a Lady Lister, who flatters his vanity and ministers to his love of what he considers society. Once again the friend appears, this time to tell a white lie about the frivolous young artist, in order to calm the growing apprehensions of his wife. His praiseworthy efforts, however, are rendered futile by the advent of her father, who in indignant tones denounces his son-in-law and blurts out the real cause of his absence. She leaves home. Her husband returns and finds her gone. He indulges in vain regrets, and in the final act we discover the broken-down family in Bloomsbury, relying mainly on the pencil of the young wife to keep "the wolf from the door." The friend is not wanting in the supreme hour of need. Thanks to his kindly spitting, the uncle is introduced to the rising artist, whose drawings he has purchased and whom he wishes to know. The discovery takes place. Resenting the old gentleman's bitter reproaches, she asserts herself, and he is won. The restoration of the husband, who confesses his faults and obtains forgiveness, follows close upon this, and the comedy ends. Mr. Byron, as Gibson Greene, the man-about-town, who knows everybody and everybody's business, and who is never so happy as when he is alleviating the distress of his friend, is simply charming. He pours out a continuous stream of "good things" that form, old and new (and some of them are well-known antiques), a most amusing entertainment. The audience waits for the fireworks, and

receives their display in the accustomed manner. Mr. Byron walks through the part with characteristic nonchalance and speaks with his usual point. Act he does not; but, then, nobody expects him to act. Mr. C. Warner has been seen to greater advantage elsewhere than he was in the part of the young artist. Mr. Howe played with his usual hearty vigour and artistic discrimination; and the rest of the veterans of the Haymarket acquitted themselves in a perfectly satisfactory manner. Miss Thorne proved herself a real accession to the company by her portrayal of the part of the vulgar but good-hearted stepmother, and Mr. Hermann Vezin showed how far a pure style of elocution and thorough knowledge of art can go towards creating a character out of scant materials. It has been reserved, however, to Miss Carlotta Addison to achieve the greatest triumph in this comedy. If only to see her play the part of Ethel—which she does delightfully—the playgoing public ought to crowd the Haymarket for many weeks to come.

THE STRAND THEATRE.

Raising the Wind and *Woodcock's Little Game* which had previously preceded the successful folie musicale *Flamingo* were replaced on Saturday evening by a new farce adapted from the French by Mr. E. Manuel, under the title of *The Doctor's Brougham*, and a revival of the late William Brough's pleasant comedy *Kind to a Fault*. Although of the slightest possible texture and presenting little of novelty, *The Doctor's Brougham* is a very lively and amusing farce, replete with ludicrous situations, and, being briskly acted, kept the audience in a continuous state of laughter from beginning to end. The scene is laid in the chambers of a young barrister, Charles Chivey, who is preparing lunch for his wife, with whom he hopes to have a quiet tête-à-tête at the domestic meal, when his anticipations are first frustrated by the arrival of an old friend and schoolfellow, Dr. Sirupp, who volunteers to stay for luncheon. The doctor, it appears, is without any patients, and resorts to the expedient of driving about in a yellow brougham and calling upon his friends, so as to raise the impression of his having an extensive practice. As Mrs. Chivey is entering her husband's chambers she attracts the attention of a German Count, who, learning from the coachman of the brougham at Chivey's door that his master is up stairs, feigns illness as an excuse for following the lady into the house to get advice from the doctor. Sirupp, anxious to secure the desired patient, induces his friend Chivey to lie down in a curtained recess as a pretended invalid the doctor is visiting. The intrusive Count is ushered in, and, assuming some imaginary indisposition, consults Sirupp, and then ensue the humorous complications and situations which constitute the merits of the little piece and cause it to be a decided success. The Count, glad on any pretext to be in the company of the lady, joins her and the doctor at the luncheon-table, while poor Chivey, from his curtained couch, witnesses the demolition of the viands he hoped to have partaken of. In return for the hospitality he received, the Count insists upon watching and administering the medicine to the invalid, and proceeds to the kitchen, where the housekeeper is supposed to be preparing the necessary fomentations. During his absence Chivey, who can stand this position no longer, makes Sirupp take his place in the recess, and retires. The Count returns, and administers to Sirupp his own prescription; and a climax is arrived at when Chivey, hearing the Count making love to his wife and proposing an elopement, rushes in and is about turning the amorous foreigner out. The latter retorts by coolly accepting Chivey's menace as a challenge to mortal duel. Sirupp, however, comes to the rescue from his invalid-couch, and, by earnestly persuading the fire-eating Count that he is in a very precarious state of health, but that he (Sirupp) can, with constant care and his medical skill, completely restore him to convalescence, peace is proclaimed, and the Doctor at last secures a real patient. Messrs. Graham and Harry Cox are amusing as Charles Chivey and Dr. Sirupp. M. Marius as the Count Otto von Schinckenstein, in a make-up very fantastic but characteristic, acts with remarkable comic earnestness and extravagance. Miss Fanny Hughes and Miss Maria Jones greatly aid the general hilarity in the two small parts of Mrs. Chivey and Mrs. Rampidge, the housekeeper. In the comedy, *Kind to a Fault*, which was first produced here some seven or eight years since, Mr. W. H. Vernon now represents Mr. Belford's part of Frank Goldsworthy, whose ever ready kindness and liberality are always involving not only himself, but those upon whom they are conferred, in difficulties, and a very spirited and artistic performance it is. He is very well supported by Mr. E. Terry, as the jealous and thirsty-souled coachman Parker, Mr. Stephenson as the lawyer, Drewitt, Mr. Graham as Arthur Honiton, and Miss Marion Terry as the falsely-accused and suffering Mrs. Drewitt. The other parts were satisfactorily filled by Mr. H. J. Turner, Mr. Carter, Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Ethel Prescott, and Miss Maria Jones, and the revival altogether went right merrily, and was received with well-deserved applause.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught were present during the evening.

STRAND THEATRE.—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught visited this theatre on Saturday evening, to witness the performance of the folie-musical, *Flamingo*.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—His Royal Highness Prince Leopold honoured this theatre with his presence on Monday evening.

BYRON'S comedy of *Our Boys* has been produced with great success in New York and Boston; at the latter city Mr. J. C. Cowper, Mr. George Honey, and Miss Katherine Rogers were included in the cast.

MR. GEORGE BELMORE made his first appearance in America at Booth's Theatre, New York, on the 20th ult., as Nat Gosling, in *The Flying Scud*. His success was unequivocal.

MR. H. J. MONTAGUE is now playing at Wallack's Theatre, New York, where Miss Ione Burke, Miss Ada Dyas, and Madame Ponesi are also engaged.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN is said to be seriously ill, suffering from cancer, and that there is little hope of her recovery.

M. MAYER will produce the grand Parisian fairy spectacle *La Chatte Blanche* at the Queen's Theatre towards the end of November. Mdle. Fanchita, now performing so successfully in *Les Brigands*, at the Globe, is engaged to sustain the principal character.

We regret to hear that Mrs. John Wood has been compelled, through severe indisposition, to temporarily suspend her professional duties with her comedy company, now performing with great success in the provinces.

The Court Theatre will reopen for the season on Monday, Nov. 1, with a resumption of *A Nine Days' Wonder*, supported by the original cast; and a revival of the comedietta *Uncle's Will*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will appear.

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON will make his reappearance in England as Rip van Winkle, at the Princess's, on Monday, Nov. 1.

A new original drama by Messrs. Palgrave Simpson and Hermann Merivale will be produced at the Mirror, on Monday next, under the title of *All for Her*.

The Royal Surrey Theatre, entirely redecorated and refurbished, will be reopened by Mr. W. Holland early in November.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the Marquis of Lorne, and suite honored this theatre with their presence on Tuesday evening.

The subject of the Crystal Palace pantomime this year will be *Jack and the Beanstalk*, and on the tale of "The Yellow Dwarf" will be founded that of the Alexandra Palace. In the latter Mr. George Conquest and his son will appear.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH has appeared during the week at the Brighton Theatre as Mercy Merrick in *The New Magdalen*.

A MORNING PERFORMANCE of Mr. Byron's new comedy *Married in Haste* will take place at the Haymarket next Saturday.

MR. GEORGE COLEMAN'S BENEFIT.—The long-postponed benefit of the popular acting manager of the Olympic is at last announced to take place at the Gaiety Theatre on Saturday morning, Nov. 6, when the chief attraction will be *The School for Scandal*, in which Miss Fowler will appear as Lady Teazle. The theatre at Avignon has been totally destroyed by fire.

THE PICCADILLY WIZARDS.

As it used to be one of the sights of the London Season to drop into the Egyptian Hall and watch Psycho, the automaton of the age, whilst he played at whist, so it continues to be now when Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, having enjoyed a brief holiday from town, are actively at work in the afternoon and evening of each "lawful day," exhibiting the stolid whist-player, the mystery of whose power of movement remains undiscovered, and exposing "spiritualists" afresh by the clever performance of tricks transcending in difficulty the most ambitious flights of a Home. Mrs. Guppy herself is rivalled by Mr. Maskelyne, who floats about the ball as easily as the veriest "spiritualist" could desire.

Music.

Music intended for notice in the *Monthly Review of New Music*, on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE second of this season's Saturday Concerts was given on Saturday last at the Crystal Palace, before a much larger audience than that which attended the opening concert. The fact that those stalls which occupy the best positions are this season raised from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. probably has something to do with the fact that many of the central stalls were unoccupied. The same sliding scale of prices has been adopted at the Alexandra Palace, and it certainly seems to be just that a larger price should be paid for the best places than for those at the sides and back of the concert-room. The vacant seats are not likely to remain much longer unoccupied. The attractions of these concerts increase with each succeeding season, and everyone who wishes to be *au courant* in musical progress is bound to keep himself acquainted with the programmes of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts. The programme of last Saturday's concert was as follows:—

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| 1. Overture in C, "Trumpet" | Mendelssohn. |
| 2. Aria, "Un'aura amorosa" (Cosi fan Tutte) Mr. Vernon | Mozart. |
| 3. Concerto (No. 1) for Pianoforte and Orchestra, in E (op. 11), Miss Anna Mehlig | Chopin. |
| 4. Grand Scena, "Ah! perfido," Madame Sinico-Campobello | Beethoven. |
| 5. Songs— <i>a</i> , "Through the night," Mr. Vernon Rigby | Schubert. |
| <i>b</i> , "Soul of my soul," | Schumann. |
| 6. Symphony in E flat (first time at these concerts) | Haydn. |
| 7. New Ballad, "The First Rose of Summer," Madame Sinico-Campobello | Campana. |
| 8. Concert-Overture, "Love's Labour's Lost" (first time of performance) | W. G. Cusins. |

The chief novelty of the occasion was the E flat symphony of Haydn. As we are to be favoured with the whole of Beethoven's nine symphonies in the course of this season, it will be judicious to intersperse them with the symphonic writings of Haydn, Mozart, and other great composers, so that musical students may be enabled to perceive how much Beethoven derived from his predecessors, and what has been his influence on his successors. Of the symphony performed on Saturday last there is little to be said. Haydn has not in any of his symphonies soared to those heights which were afterwards reached by Beethoven, and still later by Mendelssohn. His music, written in this form, awakens no profound or lasting sensations. It is regular in construction, bright and masterly in treatment; and, if the listeners are seldom moved, they are cheered by the genial influence of the "father of the symphony." So far as can be ascertained, Haydn's E flat symphony had never before been heard in this country; and this fact lent interest to the performance of it on Saturday. It consists of a short "Largo," leading to a characteristic "Allegro;" a second movement, "Andante," melodious, but not impassioned; a third movement, "Minuetto e Trio, allegretto," and a "Finale, vivace." The orchestral instruments employed are one flute, two oboes, two horns, and two bassoons, in addition to the violins, violas, violoncellos, and double-basses. The clarinets, trumpets, and drums are entirely dispensed with. It is not unlikely that the symphony was composed at a time when Haydn was temporarily limited as to his orchestra; yet there is no suggestion of weakness or poverty in the orchestration, and Haydn has shown that a true master, like a skilful general, knows how to dispose of scanty forces so as to ensure a certain amount of success, and to vindicate his own ability. Another important feature of the concert was Chopin's concerto No. 1, for pianoforte and orchestra, in E (op. 11), which introduced as solo pianiste Mdle. Anna Mehlig. This brilliant artiste had not played in England since the year 1868, when she was heard in Mr. Sims Reeves's provincial concert tour, and at a few London concerts, including an interesting one given by herself at the Hanover-square Rooms. Seven years ago she gained golden opinions here by her masterly performances of the best pianoforte music. Since then she has had a great career in America, and has recently made a great triumph at Vienna. She has not retrograded during her absence from us. On the contrary, she exhibits a marked increase of skill; and there are few living pianists who could be placed in comparison with her as an exponent of Chopin. Mdle. Mehlig, while in America, was faithful to her classical repertoire. She played on many occasions with the celebrated "Thomas" orchestra; and wherever the highest kind of music was called for Mdle. Mehlig was sure to be in request. Her mechanism is perfect. She plays with her fingers—not her arms and shoulders—there is not the slightest affectation, nor any appearance of effort in what she does; and we can pay her the high compliment of saying that she strongly recalls the memory of the greatest among female pianists—Madame Arabella Goddard. Like that gifted artist, she despises the clap-trap trick of "playing from memory." Any pianist who gives to an important work the long-protracted study which it demands must of necessity find the notes fixed in the memory; and it is equally true that any pianist's memory may now and then be at fault. In pianoforte solos such a contretemps might not be of serious importance; but in concerted music the consequences of a

blunder might be fatal, and the pianiste who risks such blunders practically insults the orchestra by showing that he does not mind exposing them to the chance of serious annoyance and unmerited disgrace. Mdle. Mehlig, of course, knew the Chopin concerto by heart, but played from the book, being a genuine artist, and not a charlatan. Her playing is full of intellectuality, and she brings out the sentiment of the composer with sympathetic power. Without entering into details, it will be sufficient to say that Mdle. Mehlig proved herself to be a pianiste of the very first order, and that her future performances will be awaited with great interest. The "Trumpet" overture was well played, and the overture by Mr. Cusins showed him to possess real inventive power; but we must hear it again, and in a more suitable part of the selection, before giving details.

Madame Campobello-Sinico sang Beethoven's "Ah Perfido," and Campana's "First Rose of Summer," winning hearty and well-deserved applause in each. Mr. Vernon Rigby's three songs were sung in his usual finished style. The performance was ably conducted by Mr. Manns.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

Mr. Carl Rosa seems resolved to carry all his promises into effect. Of the ten operas announced in his prospectus seven have already been given, besides *Il Trovatore*; and there is little doubt that before the season concludes, which it will do, unfortunately, too soon—this day fortnight—the remaining three works at least will be produced. It is an arduous task to bring out, with proper rehearsals of principal vocalists, choristers, and orchestra, to say nothing of stage business, scenery, and costumes, two operas a week; and it must be remembered that the Carl Rosa Opera Company performs twice a week at the Alexandra Palace, besides playing at the Princess's Theatre. Thus far the Carl Rosa Opera Company has merited the warmest encouragement; and it is to be regretted that it will start from London for the provinces just as London will be filling for the winter season.

The Siege of Rochelle, produced last week at the Princess's Theatre, was the first opera Balfe brought out in England, the date being Oct. 29, 1855. In the original cast were found the names of Wilson, Seguin, Giubilei, Paul Bedford, and Henry Phillips, with Miss Sherriff and Miss Healey. The opera was no doubt well performed, and it achieved a great success. The opera is well performed now at the Princess's Theatre, but is not likely to achieve success. It belongs to a past era, in which little was originated that deserved preservation. The dramatic construction of the story is wretched, the libretto is disfigured by bad English and fearful rhymes, and the music is not strong enough to compensate for these defects. Certain portions have retained popularity—ex. gr., the chorus "Vive le Roi!" the song "When I beheld the anchor weighed," and the quartet "Lo, the early beam of morning;" but the greater part of the music is commonplace, weak stuff, only relieved by instances of piracy.

The performance was, on the whole, excellent. The success of the first night was marred by the gentleman who made his debut in England in the important tenor rôle of Valmour, and who was unfortunately affected by stage fright to such an extent that he could hardly articulate or move. He afforded a practical commentary on his own performance by departing next morning to Italy to resume his studies; and, as we have reason to know that he possesses a really splendid voice, we hope we may yet hear him under more favourable circumstances. His rôle has been undertaken by Mr. Nordblom, to the great improvement of the general effect. Mr. Santley's Michel is admirable. The music of the part has, probably, never been so well sung, and better acting could not be desired. Mr. Ludwig, Mr. Snazelle, Mr. Lyall, and Mr. Aynsley Cook acquitted themselves well in thankless parts. Mdle. Torriani sang the music of her rôle (Clara) with taste and feeling, and acted with much grace. Next to Mr. Santley, the most successful of the dramatic personæ was Miss Gaylord, who acted the part of Michel's wife, Marcella, with so much natural grace and vivacity, and sang with so much brightness of effect, that she fairly conquered the audience and won encores in almost everything she sang or shared in. Mr. Santley was enthusiastically encoered after "When I beheld," and a similar compliment was paid to the quartet, "Lo, the early beam." The opera was liberally mounted, and was skilfully put on the stage. Many of the costumes were superb, and the various tableaux, ballets, &c., were well arranged. Mr. Carl Rosa conducted his fine orchestra with great ability and untiring zeal. Amateurs who may wish to hear Balfe's first English opera are not likely again to have such an opportunity as the present.

Maritana, with Miss Rose Hersee in the title-character, was produced on Wednesday.

Reviews.

The Yachting Annual and Yachtsman's Pocket Companion and Diary. Edited by Andrew Thomson. Published at Land and Water Office, 169, Fleet-street, E.C. No yachtsman ought to be without this invaluable little book, which fits in the breast pocket of a "pea-jacket" to a nicety. It contains no less than thirty-two articles upon subjects of paramount interest to the yachting fraternity, treated by the pen of a gentleman and a seaman. This veritable "Yachtsman's *vade mecum*" (which we suggest as the title of next year's number) also contains an almanack, calendar, diary, and a host of useful information to the members of all yacht clubs.

The Geographical Magazine for October (Trübner and Co.). Interesting as the *Geographical Magazine* is as a rule, there has seldom appeared a number which we have perused with greater pleasure than the one before us. The fault, if we may be allowed to say so of this magazine, is that the articles are usually too dry, if not too abstruse for the average reader, to whom geography is, perhaps, the least inviting of all studies; and we have before had occasion to suggest to Mr. Markham that he would do well to enliven the pages which he so carefully and ably edits with at least a small portion of matter which should appeal more to the fancy or the imagination than to the purely intellectual faculty. The complaint we urge against the *Geographical* is the reverse of that made against *Falstaff's* tavern bill. We have usually an intolerable quantity of bread to a ha'porth of sack. On this occasion we open at an interesting and tenderly written memoir of the late Commodore Goodenough, the particulars of whose premature death are too fresh in the minds of our readers to need recapitulation. If anything can help to console his surviving relatives under their affliction, it will be the collective testimony of his brother officers to his value as an officer and his personal worth to be found in this brief notice. If there is one subject more than another which is attracting the attention of the scientific, and we may add the non-scientific, world at this moment, it is the Arctic Expedition which has so recently left our shores. We have here a most valuable narrative of the Expedition up to the time when it may be said to have left the limits of the known world for the trackless regions of the unknown, and

the description is accompanied by two maps and a chart of soundings taken by the officers of H.M.S. "Valorous," which serve to render clear the minutest references in the text. Other interesting articles complete this number, notably a continuation of Mr. Keith Johnston's "Recent Journeys in Paraguay"—in which, however, but scant justice is done to the able and gallant explorer, Captain Page, of the U.S. navy, to whom we are indebted for nearly all we know of the rivers Pilcomayo and Vernejo, two important tributaries of the Parana. Mr. Keith Johnston had only to refer to some articles which appeared nearly a year ago in this very magazine on the question of the exploration of these rivers to have recognised the importance which attaches to the idea of opening up by their means a highway to Bolivia from the East and to have made more careful and detailed reference to this particular branch of his subject.

The Charing Cross Magazine for October (Charing-cross Publishing Company). It will scarcely be believed that this little magazine has actually appeared twenty-five months consecutively. We have known literary efforts of a far higher order expire of inanition in a shorter period. We can, therefore, only conclude that somebody with more money than wit is interested in keeping the poor little starveling in existence. Anything more feeble than the stories it contains cannot be conceived, unless it be the attempts at versification which intersperse the prose. In this department the several poets retained on the establishment of the *Charing Cross* seldom manage to get beyond one stanza. When they do, as witness an effusion by one "Gessby," they get hopelessly out of their depth in their quantities—e.g.:

Love! "permission of the will," a short liv'd spark!
Some poet's wanton thought the seed hath sown
In Folly's brain, so ideal the hapless mark
In fancy keeps, and reality can never own.

There is only one thing which even partially atones for the publication of this magazine, and that is that there is very little of it even for sixpence, so that one's patience is less severely taxed than it would be were it more ambitious.

The London and Brighton Magazine (Charing-cross Publishing Company). The idea of this publication, which we assume to be that of attracting by the name the advertisements of Brighton tradesmen, is so far a good one, and we presume it is the success which has attended it throughout the seven months of its existence that has prompted the Charing-cross Publishing Company to announce the forthcoming appearance of three other magazines, to be styled the *London and Margate*, the *London and Scarborough*, and the *London and St. Leonards*. Soon we shall expect to herald the advent of the Gravesend and Southend, the Great Northern, the London and South-Western, and a variety of similar pamphlets which may be calculated to appeal to all the advertising shopkeepers on the principal lines of railway and at the popular seaside resorts. The literary quality of the *London and Brighton* happens to be better in this number than that of the *Charing Cross*. The term "better" is, however, only relative, for, judged by a very low standard indeed, it is not worth the few lines in which we have condescended to notice it. For the mass of scribbles who in the present day are alone in thinking they can write anything worth reading it serves as a very good outlet, and saves editors of higher-class magazines the trouble of returning rejected communications.

The New Quarterly for October (Ward, Lock, and Tyler). We cannot speak in terms of too high praise of the present number of the *New Quarterly*, which has already, even in these early days of its existence, taken high rank in our periodical literature. We may say with perfect truth that we have taken up this magazine with pleasure and laid it down with regret. An article on "Village Organisation," by Richard Jefferies, is noticeable for the care and attention which has been devoted to his subject by the author. An "Essay on Philip Massinger," by George Barnett Smith, is, perhaps, the most interesting of all the articles which appear in this number, and will be read by the student of the literature of the period with genuine pleasure. "No Sign," a novel by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, is an original story of more than average merit, in which, whatever may be the opinion of the reader as to the plot, his interest is never allowed to flag; while an essay by Mr. J. W. Comyns Carr, on the "Artistic Spirit in Modern Poetry," is characterised by genuine feeling, as well as distinguished by elegance of diction. The remainder of the articles, though not perhaps equal to those we have selected for notice, are far above the average of what we are accustomed to in the various magazines which come under our notice. The *New Quarterly* deserves well of its supporters, and we are pleased to devote so much of our space to its hearty commendation.

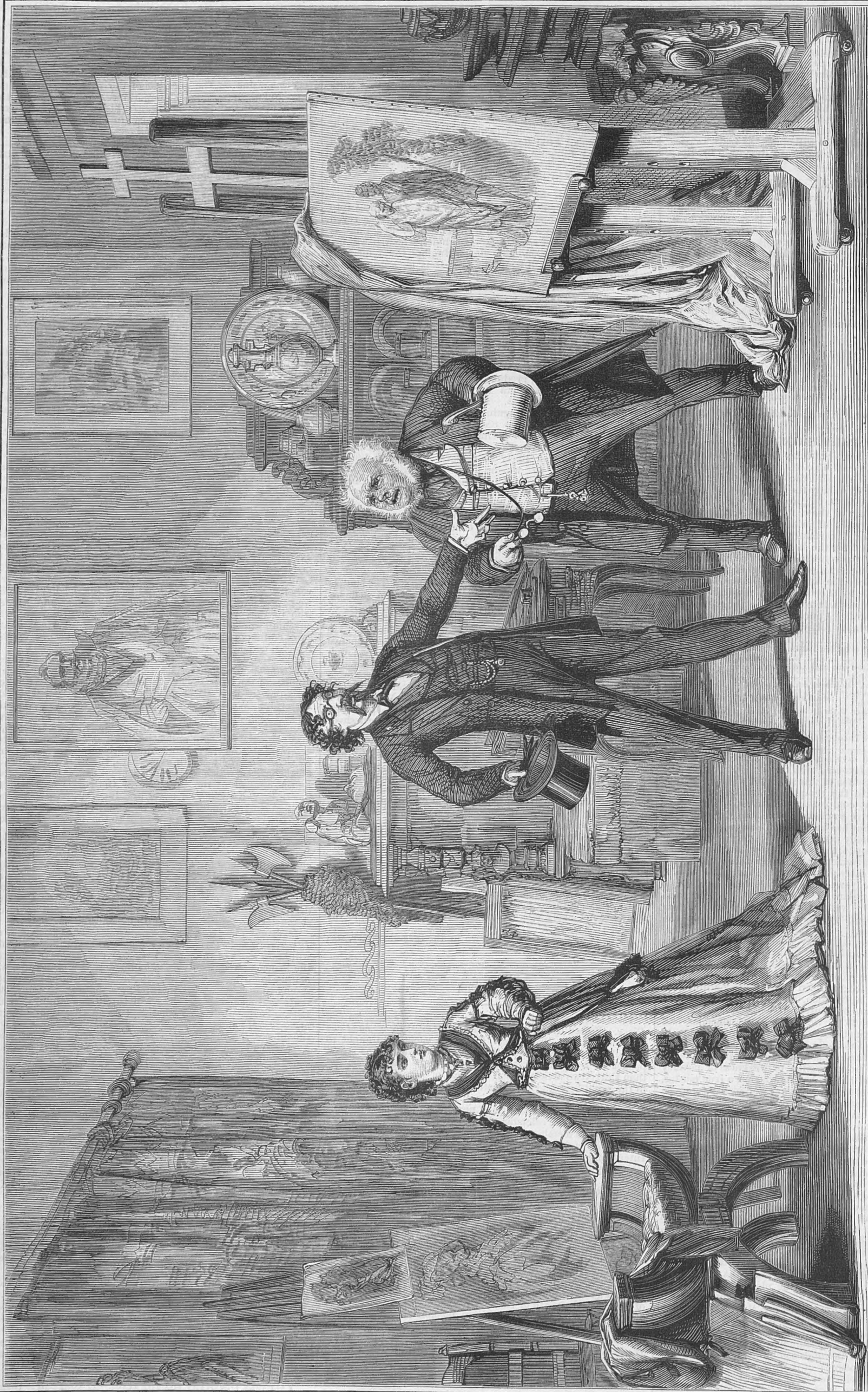
India and the Prince of Wales. Special Indian Number of the *Illustrated London News*.—We suppose that people generally will know more of India than ever they did before, by the time the Prince of Wales returns from his tour, for even those who neither know nor care anything about India will be compelled, if only to keep pace with their fellow-creatures, to follow the route and read the daily details of the Prince's doings in the East. To do so with any comfort, it is in the highest degree necessary, if you have never been in India yourself, that you should coach yourself up in your subject, or at least allow somebody else to coach you, so that you may start on equal terms with those possessing previous knowledge. The "Special Indian Number" of the *Illustrated London News* exactly fulfils this requirement, containing, as it does, no fewer than forty-six illustrations of every phase of Indian life, while Mr. George Augustus Sala assumes the wand of the lecturer and discourses, in his usual fluent and amusing style, on Indian geography, architecture, railways, religion—in fact, on Indian affairs generally, the while the panorama passes by. Seriously speaking, it is a magnificent shilling's worth, and no one who either wishes to follow the route of the Prince of Wales's travels or to inform himself on the subject of India should omit the opportunity which this paper now affords him of doing so.

Mr. C. B. Birch, who was for so many years the principal assistant of the late Mr. J. H. Foley, R.A., and who is one of the sculptors named in his will to complete his unfinished works, has just been elected a member of the Graphic Society, in the place of the late Mr. J. Birnie Philip.

THERE was a large gathering at Mr. Gee's paddock, Newmarket, on Wednesday, the main attraction being the sale, by Messrs. Tattersall, of the Earl of Aylesford's horses in training, hunters, and carriage horses. The highest price was realised by the bay colt Julius Caesar, for which Mr. R. Peck, paid 3300gs.

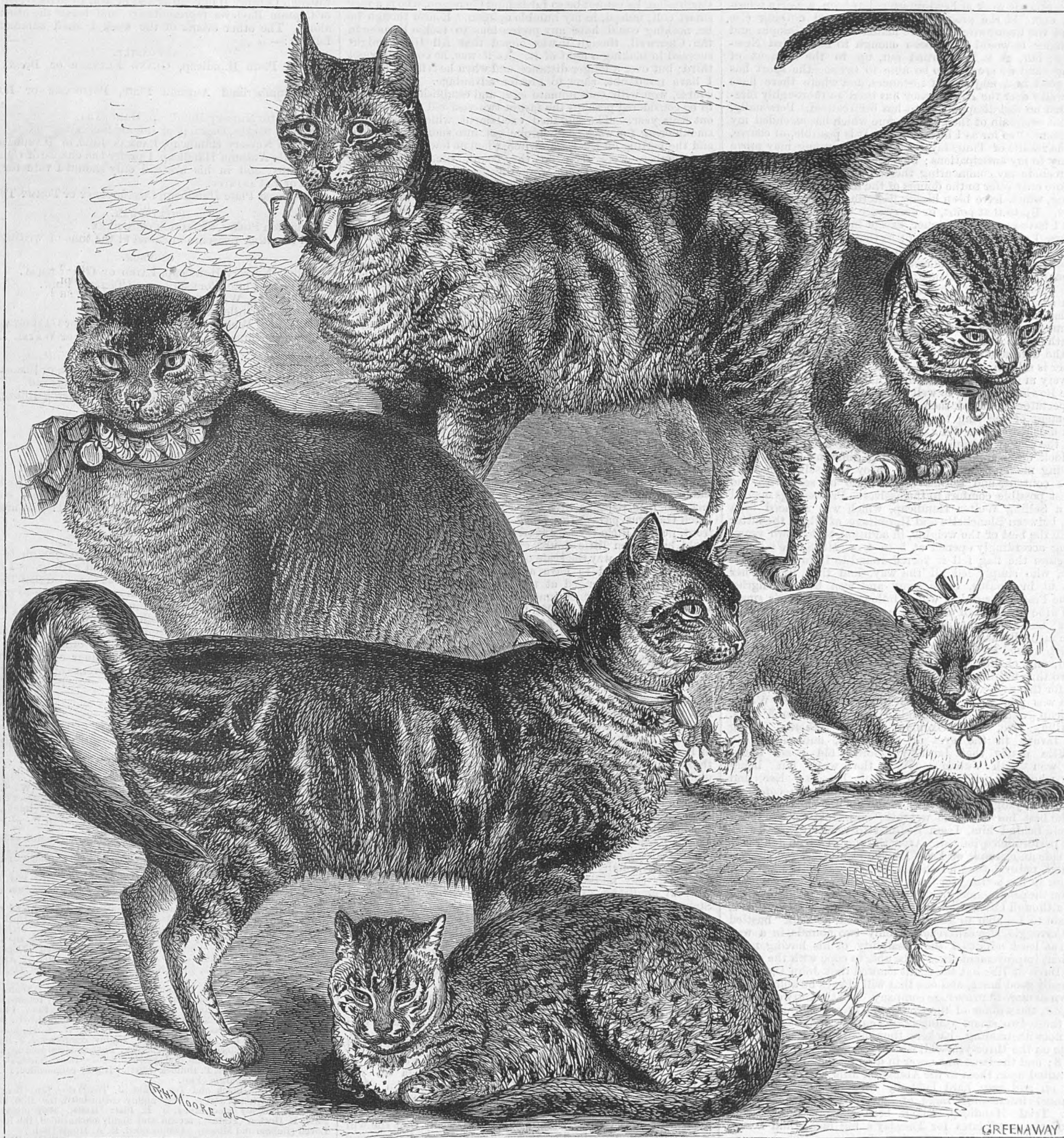
DYEING AT HOME.—JUDSON'S SIMPLE DYES.—Judson's Dyes are the best for dyeing in a few minutes ribbons, feathers, scarfs, lace, braid, veils, shawls, &c., violet, magenta, crimson, mauve, pink, &c., 6d. per bottle. Of all Chemists and Stationers.—[Advt.]

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by HENRY C. GALLUP, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[Advt.]



SCENE FROM "MARRIED IN HASTE," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

W. H. FRANKLIN



PRIZE CATS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE SHOW.

THE CAT SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE facile pencil of Mr. R. H. Moore has presented us with portraits of the chief prize-winners at the Crystal Palace Cat Show, held on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of this month. It is probably owing to the exertions of Mr. Wilson, of the Natural History department of the Crystal Palace, that this feline exhibition has been so firmly established that we now look upon the Cat Show as an annual fixture. The judges this year were Mr. Harrison Weir, Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N., and Mr. J. J. Weir, whilst Lady Dorothy Neville and Mr. Charles Darwin were among the patrons. It is not known whether it is in pursuance of his researches as to the "origin of species" that Mr. Darwin is studying the cat, and whether the philosopher intends in a forthcoming volume to demonstrate that man—or, rather, woman—is descended from a tabby, no matter what fundamental objection may be taken to his theory. Certain it is, however, that Mr. Darwin's patronage of the Cat Show was a well-merited honour. There were 323 cats exhibited; and not a few were really splendid creatures. A glance at the specimens illustrated will prove this. Not to dwell upon the Manx cats and other curious animals exhibited, nor to comment upon the prize-list generally (for that we have not space), we may simply add a few explanatory remarks respecting the prize-winners represented by Mr. Moore. It is the fine cat which many good judges said should have been awarded the first prize in the handsomest class, that of tabbies of no sex, which figures at the top of the Engraving to the right—viz., No. 214, Mr. G. B. Wheeler's, which actually won the second prize in class 33. The lucky winner of the silver cup and first prize in the same class is pictured just below. Tommy Dodd is the name he answers to, and his age is nine years; whilst his rival is only three years and six months old. Master

Shuckard is the fortunate owner of Tommy Dodd. The third prize in this same class was carried off by Tiger, No. 217, exhibited by the proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, and the pet of one of our publishers. Next to Tiger in the illustration comes the Indian wild cat belonging to Mr. George Billett, who carried off the first prize "for any wild or hybrid between wild and domestic or other cat;" and beside this wild native of the land the Prince of Wales is journeying to is delineated the fine Siamese cat of Mr. J. Walter: Mymie, aged five years, victor in class 21 for "short-haired unusual-coloured she-cats." Dick, the next prize-winner drawn by our artist, was pronounced the best cat in class 2 for "short-haired brown tabby he-cats," and Miss Vyse, Dick's owner, describes him in the catalogue as "English pure-bred" and "a good ratter and docile." Mr. John Hurry's Totty, the first prize in class 1, is probably not included in Mr. Moore's illustration for the reason that Totty is so well known, being the winner of no less than ten first prizes—viz., three at the Crystal Palace, two at Birmingham, one at Ipswich, Wolverhampton, Glasgow, Brighton, and Exeter, and a second prize at Bury, besides the Crystal Palace prize of last week.

TETHER-BALL. A NEW GAME.

A new game is introduced to our notice by "Tether-Ball":—"I think many of our readers will be glad to know of a capital new game, which can be set up at a trifling outlay on a lawn of any size. All that is wanted is a threepenny indianrubber ball, made fast to the end of threepennyworth of elastic cord, the other end of which is tied to the top of a pole some 10 ft high, firmly fixed in the middle of the lawn. The cord should be of such length as to allow the ball just to swing clear of the grass at the foot of the pole. In its simplest form the game

is for two players, who stand on opposite sides of a crease drawn from the foot of the pole to right and left, and are armed with battledores or racket-bats. One of the players starts the ball, drawing it away from the pole and striking it a smart blow in any direction he pleases; he will soon learn how best to baffle the enemy. The most characteristic stroke is a tangential one, to right or left, causing the ball to sweep round in a circle, or ellipse, with the pole in its centre. The enemy is free to range on his own side of the crease and must make his hit in the first or second gyration of the ball. It is not always possible to reach the ball in its first gyration, for it may then be high overhead. The player who fails to make his hit in the first or second gyration gives one point to his adversary: eleven the game. Three players must play in turn, each for his own hand, and the player who makes a miss must give a point to each of his adversaries. Four players form sides; the ground is divided into four courts by two lines crossing at the foot of the pole; partners may stand vis-à-vis or side by side. It will be seen at once that the elastic tethering of the ball not only corrects the great fault of lawn-tennis, where time and temper are lost in recovering over-shots, but also introduces a new element in the circular or elliptic motion of the ball, and so makes possible a great variety of hits. The career of the tethered ball is most erratic, and by a skilful player can be made most baffling to the enemy. I can promise great entertainment to anyone with a taste for a game who will make trial of this easy and elastic game of tether-ball."

On the 7th inst. the Earl of Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, the Countess of Dufferin and suite, embarked at Liverpool, per the Allan Royal Mail steamer Russian, for Quebec.

Racing—Past and Future.

THE present week at head-quarters has been a fairly sensational one. If the programme had contained nothing else beyond the Cesarewitch and the match between Galopin and Lowlander it would have been enough to have filled Newmarket; but, as it has turned out, up to the moment of writing—and we are glad to be able to say so—the sport has been good in a majority of instances, and where there have been walks over the contingency has been so thoroughly foreseen that no real disappointment has been caused. Personally, I cannot complain of the good fortune which has attended my predictions, "so far as I have gone." It is possible, of course, that the results of Thursday's and Friday's racing may prove contrary to my anticipations; but the hour of going to press will preclude my commenting thereon this week, and I can therefore only refer to the doings of the first three days of the meeting, which have been highly flattering to my vaticinary powers. Up to that point, in every race which has been contested I have named the winner, except in one instance where the horse I selected did not start; so that, though my success as a prophet may be to that extent qualified, I am at least satisfied that none of my followers will have lost any money as the penalty of their confidence.

The opening day of the meeting as well as Tuesday and Wednesday were all dull, cold, and overcast, but the heat of speculation will doubtless have made up for the chilling effect of atmospheric influences, and, judging by the numerical strength of the company assembled on the heath, I should say that the deterrent effects of our English climate, which in October is seldom of the most genial character, cannot have been very much felt or regarded. The new stand at the finish of the Rowley Mile was so well patronised that comparatively few spectators troubled themselves to desert the bustle and excitement of the ring to go down and witness those races which finished on the T.Y.C.; so that those individuals who are in the way of patronising the sport for sport's sake, and who look upon a horse as something different from a mere gambling machine, were able to enjoy themselves to their heart's content, and see all that was to be seen with the greatest possible comfort to themselves. Proceedings opened with a Selling Welter Handicap, which was reduced to a match between Blanchette and Hermitage, of whom the latter had 6lb the best of the weights, in addition to his two years. Betting accordingly opened at 5 to 4 on Mr. Savile's horse, but before the flag fell it veered round to 11 to 10 on Blanchette, who simply led all the way, and then, leaving her opponent in trouble, came away and won by ten lengths. For the Post Sweepstakes which followed, Mr. Bowes's smart filly Twine the Plaiden was made a very hot favourite at 4 to 1 on her; but it did not turn out the good thing the supporters of the favourite had fondly hoped, for Mr. Savile's Zee, who ran such a good race with Folkestone at Ascot, would not be denied, and, challenging gamely, was only beaten by a head, the two thus finishing in the exact order in which I placed them for this race when writing last week. Prince Bathyan's Julian was put about as a good thing for the First Welter Handicap, and was accordingly backed down to 5 to 2. Maravilla, Eve, and Oxonian, of the others, finding most favour in the eyes of the talent, and there can be little doubt that Lord Aylesford's old horse would have won with Julian out of the way, but being eased when his jockey found pursuit hopeless, Eve and Inglewood Ranger were let up, and were placed second and third by the judge. There can be no doubt but that Julian was the best horse at the weights; and, from the quality of the field behind him, I am inclined to regard this as a very smart performance indeed. After the way in which John Day had made an example of Lady Mostyn at the last meeting, it was but natural that he should be elected to the premier position in the betting for the 100-sov Plate, which followed next on the programme, since he had nothing of any note to beat, although Carthusian, a brown colt of Lord Lonsdale's, was said to be able to gallop, and, indeed, at York "bustled up" Correggio, at a difference of only two pounds, in a way which at least admitted the possibility of his having made sufficient improvement since to be able to cope with the son of John Davis at 7lb; but the result showed that John Day must be a really good horse, and one that will always be able to hold his own in more than average company. For the Burwell Stakes Trappist, the winner of the Goodwood Stewards' Cup, had to meet those two smart youngsters, Ventnor and Camembert; but, notwithstanding, backers thought it good enough to plunge on the three-year-old, which they did to the tune of 11 to 8; and the issue was never in doubt, for Captain Prime's colt waited upon them to the Abingdon Mile Bottom, and then came on and won hard held by three lengths. One of the most interesting races of the day was the Cesarewitch Trial Handicap, which brought out Beaconsfield, one of the candidates for Tuesday's big race; and I suppose, in virtue of his pretensions to Cesarewitch honours, he was made favourite, but was never formidable, and, being disgracefully beaten at the finish, was promptly knocked out to 1000 to 5 for next day's event, which figure might be said to accurately represent his chance. La Coureuse and Pysalene were next in demand; and Velveteen, one of Mr. Savile's Parnesian colts, was among the despised and rejected of men. Coming down the Bushes Hill Velveteen was dead beaten, and La Coureuse looked all over a winner, but the former kept pegging away, and at last Count Lagrange's filly cracked, while Velveteen was kept going at the same pace, and won easily at the last by five lengths. This is another instance of the advantage of never knowing when you are beaten. The last race of the day was the Scurry Nursery, for which Electra, a bay filly by Orest out of La Muta, came out with a high reputation from Epsom, and so pluckily did that division put down their money that she touched 2 to 1 before the flag fell, good prices being procurable about most of the other competitors. The confidence of the stable was certainly well founded, for she won comparatively easily, but it was a grand performance on the part of Brigg Boy to run into second place, giving the winner no less than 29lb, and there can be no question but that Sir John Astley's colt is a gem of the first water. Farnese walked over for the October Produce Stakes while we walked back to the town, and so the evening and the morning were the first day. Tuesday's sport began with the match between Eleusis and Huntly, the former of whom was favourite, and won easily; but very little interest was excited either by this or any of the subsequent minor events, public attention being almost wholly absorbed by the speculation which was carried on unremittingly on the great event of the day. Crecy having carried off a 10 sov Sweepstakes, a field of eight youngsters came forth to do battle for a plate of 100 sovs, of whom Carthusian was one; and backers, remembering the fight he made the day before with John Day, were content to lay odds on him for the event under notice. It was so far satisfactory that Lord Lonsdale's colt won; but, had the race been half a furlong further, he must have been beaten by Lord Eldon, by Lord Clifden out of Annette, belonging to Mr. Gretton, who has appeared three times in public without showing any particular aptitude for racing, but on this occasion came with a rush

at the finish, and was only beaten by a head. People say that a miss is as good as a mile; but Lord Eldon must be looked to, if he is given to attempting surprises, and, gauged through Carthusian, he cannot be so far behind Correggio, who is a very smart colt, indeed, in my humble opinion. Roarer though he be, nothing could have any pretensions to tackle Farnese in the Clearwell, though it was hoped that All Heart might succeed in making a fight of it. As it was, he could only get third; but over a longer distance, and when he is fitter, he will, I have no doubt, show to greater advantage. Farnese, of course, won with consummate ease, and established his claim to be considered perhaps the fastest two-year-old we have seen out this year. The subdued excitement which had been smouldering for weeks now broke out into sudden explosion, and the betting on the Cesarewitch, when no fewer than thirty-six numbers were seen on the board, became fast and furious. Peeping Tom, who during the morning had advanced to the position of first favourite, again gave way to Duke of Parma, about whom all sorts of prices were taken down to as little as 4 to 1, and the highly-tried son of the Duke and Palm started unmistakably at the head of the quotations. Last week I stated what his trial had been, and that the party connected with the colt did not believe it possible for him to lose unless he fell down or his jockey fell off. I can only regret that I undervalued Bertram as a trial horse; but it would appear that no mistake was made, and that the precision and accuracy with which he was put through the mill were all that could be desired in asking so momentous a question. Pageant, who had come the preceding day to a short price, remained very steady, and was backed for a great deal of money at the last moment by the Kingsclere adherents. Of the others Parempyre advanced in the betting, while the former favorite, Lacy, went back point by point; and, as usual, a good many outsiders were backed for small amounts by those who never like to let any horse with a possible chance run loose. Distinction was said to have hurt his foot, and as soon as the stewards found that they could not stop Dalham from running, he had 25 to 1 taken about him to a considerable amount; and, had the decision of the stewards been made known earlier, he would, doubtless, have touched a much shorter price, as on his City and Suburban running his claims to consideration could not be ignored. As a matter of fact, the race requires little description; for as soon as the Ditch Gap was passed the Duke of Parma was seen bang in front, pulling little Rossiter nearly out of the saddle; and there could have been little doubt, even at that early stage of the race, as to which way the scale of victory would turn. The only one that appeared to have a chance with the leader was Pageant, who challenged at the Bushes and got up to the Duke's quarters, at which juncture the latter swerved, and for a moment the backers of Mr. Gretton's gelding experienced the tiniest flutter of hope; but a couple of side-binders speedily steadied His Grace, who went up the hill like a rocket, and passed the post the easiest winner imaginable by three lengths from Pageant; while Perle, who started at 100 to 1, finished a bad third, the rest being eased when pursuit was found to be hopeless. I was so far unfortunate in my selections for this race that I took Pageant to win, and Duke of Parma for a place, instead of reversing their positions; but when it is considered that I wrote a week before the time, and that Pageant then stood at 25 to 1, while Duke of Parma was first favourite at nearly a fourth of that price, those who deigned to act upon my advice can scarcely complain, as they could have obtained at that time as much about Pageant for a place as about the Duke's winning; and, under any circumstances, they could have hedged their investments on the day before the race with the greatest facility. Finally, I believe that I made one of a very small minority of the prophets who can boast of having chosen the first and second among three horses selected to beat the rest of what proved to be an exceptionally large field. A smart shower of rain now set in, in the midst of which Spinaway, in accordance with my prediction, carried her penalty to victory in the Royal Stakes; and the afternoon's sport was brought to a close with the match between Repeal and the Brother to Royal George, in which the filly waited to the cords, and then, going on, won in a canter by a length, upsetting the shade of odds which were laid on Mr. Crawford's colt. If the weather on Wednesday was cold and cheerless, the sport was equally so, as in scarcely any of the contests except the great match for 1000 sovs a side was there anything to be seen above the merest plating form. Prince Solykoff followed up his Cesarewitch luck by pulling off the opening event with Dovedale, who started at the nice price of 6 to 1, defeating the favourite, Premier Mai, by a neck. The 10 sovs Sweepstakes fell to Lord Lonsdale's Bardolph; and Lord Zetland's well-known colours were seen to the fore on Hardrada in the Ditch Mile Nursery, behind whom were John Day and Levant, from both of which the filly was receiving lumps of weight, so that too much importance must not be attached to her victory, though she won so easily that she will be worth following in any race where she may be meeting horses of her own calibre on equal terms. Lord Hartington's Reginella filly won the Selling Stakes, and subsequently changed hands for 260gs; and another non-favourite in Miss Gertrude carried her colours first past the post in a Selling Welter Stakes; so that the bookmakers began to breathe freely, and to hope that they were going at last to get back a few of Monday and Tuesday's losses. The match between Galopin and Lowlander was the great event of the day, if not of the week; and such a scene of excitement has rarely been witnessed on a racecourse since the memorable match between Julius and Lady Elizabeth over the same ground. The young one started with the call in the betting, and, waiting upon Lowlander, who got away with the lead, until rising the hill, came away at that point, and won, amidst great enthusiasm, by a length. Overnight two bets of 1200 to 800 had been laid on Galopin at the Rooms, and the victory of the Derby hero was as popular a one on his own account as for the sake of his spirited owner, than whom there is no more favourite owner of racehorses among all classes of sportsmen. The Bedford Stakes fell to fore-runner, who had only one antagonist, and, as 6 to 1 was laid on him, there was comparatively little speculation. For the Flying Welter Handicap Julian was once more made the favourite; but on this occasion both Oxonian and Maravilla turned the tables on him, though they in turn were doomed to disappointment at the hands of Poursuivant, who has proved quite a gold-mine to Mr. Beadman, as he seldom fails to render a good account of himself when wanted. Breechloader and Bay of Naples walked over respectively for the Select and the Beaufort Stakes, and so the programme for the day was brought to an end. The feature of the day was the backing of Lollypop and Blandford for the Middle Park Plate, the former having been supported for £800 in one hand. As to Thursday's racing, I shall have to refer my readers to the telegraphic return giving the results of the sport, more especially of the Middle Park Plate, with regard to which I shall have a few retrospective remarks to offer when I write next week.

Next week there will be racing at Croydon, Coventry, and Newcastle, on Tuesday and Wednesday, and at Cheltenham and Bromley on Thursday and Friday. The Curragh October

Meeting is also fixed for Tuesday next; but I know so little about the merits of the horses engaged on the other side of the water that I shall content myself with remarking that the Curragh October Handicap should be won by Miss Gushington or Captain Bayley's representative, and leave the other races alone. The other events of the week I shall summarise as follows:—

NEWCASTLE.
Town Plate Handicap, GRAND FLANEUR or BONNY BLUE EYE.

Northumberland Autumn Plate, POLONAISE or HARRIET LAWS.

Newcastle Nursery Handicap, HARDRADA.

Meldon Stakes, ORMELIE or ROUGE BONNET.

Northern Nursery Handicap, RAGMAN ROLL or HARDRADA.

Newcastle Autumn Handicap, I prefer the chance of ORGANIST, if he runs; and in his absence only should I vote for POLONAISE or EQUANIMITY.

Gateshead Plate Handicap, CONTROVERSY or TOMMY TYLER.

CHELTEMHAM.

Hamilton Stakes, SENSATION or SPIRYNX.

All the other races are unclosed at the time of writing.

CROYDON.

Selling Nursery Handicap, LAIRD OF GLENLOCHAY.

Woodside Plate, POURSUIVANT or TEMPLE VIEW.

Welter Cup, WHITEBAIT.

Croydon Hurdle Race, MINNIE WARREN.

Corinthian Welter Handicap, V.E. VICTIS or GLADIOLA.

Croydon Nursery, LAIRD OF GLENLOCHAY or WATER LILY.

COVENTRY.

Coventry Handicap, DUKEDOM, OLD FASHION, or BLOOMFIELD.

Godiva Plate, WRANGLER or CHEESECAKE GELDING.

Castle Welter Handicap, JUVENIS or the WITCH HORSE.

Hurdle Handicap, TRICOTIN or BANKER.

BROMLEY.

Bromley Plate, VANISH.

Nursery Handicap, LAIRD OF GLENLOCHAY.

Stand Plate, PATRICK or VANISH.

The running for the Cesarewitch makes PAGEANT look well for the Cambridgeshire, but the price is not long enough. Coomassie, Ceruleus, Queen of the Bees, and Timour are those I fancy most at present of the remainder.

P.S.—Although I have not been fortunate enough to name the winner of the Middle Park Plate, and writing, as I did, so long before the day, it was hardly to be expected that I should have done so I have, at the last moment of going to press, to call attention to the following results, all of which I prognosticated in these columns as follow:—Newmarket Oaks—Lord Falmouth's representative, Spinaway, 1. Bredby Stakes—Twine the Plaiden, 1; Zee, 2; in the order named. Post Sweepstakes—Skylark, 1. Up to the hour of writing I have only failed to spot the winners in two events out of four days' programmes. I am content. DONCASTER.

Canine Notes.

NOTTINGHAM SHOW.

PRIZE-LIST (continued).

POINTERS.—Large—Champion Class: First, T. Wippell (Wag). Open Class—Dogs: First, the Hon. L. Stanhope (Major). Bitches—First, J. S. Marsh (Flossie). Small—Champion Class: First, W. Aaron (Ruby). Open Class—Dogs: First, J. Whitaker (Ben). Bitches—First, W. H. Walker (Juno).

SETTERS.—Champion Class: First, W. Coath (Lang). English—Champion Class: First and cup, W. F. Bayley (Dash). Open Class—Dogs: First, W. F. Bayley (Pat). Bitches—First, W. F. Bayley (Pert). Black and Tan—Champion Class: First, W. Coath (Lang). Open Class—Dogs: First, T. Bosworth (Duke); second, R. Goodwin (Tony). Bitches—First, F. J. Staples-Browne (Juno). Irish—Champion Class: First, J. Waddington (Shoot). Open Class—Dogs: First, T. Wood (Ben).

RETRIEVERS.—Black, Curly-coated—Champion Class: First and cup, W. A. How (Toby). Highly commended, H. H. Cochrane (Topsy). Open Class—Dogs: First, A. Large (Sam); second, T. Roberts (Lincoln). Highly commended, J. Kay (Moss) and E. Todd (Carlo). Bitches: First, the Hon. H. C. Lowther (Lady Flora). Black, Smooth or Wavy Coated.—Dogs: First, S. R. Wood (Jess). Bitches: First, R. R. Reveley (Nell). Any other Colour—First, W. Bullock, jun. (Negro). Any Colour: First, C. A. Baylis (Copson).

SPANIELS.—Irish: First, Captain E. Montessor (Moss). Water—First, Captain the Hon. W. Arbuthnot (Young Rover). Highly commended, W. S. Holmes (Dash) and Captain the Hon. W. Arbuthnot (Flo). Cocker—Dogs: First, P. Bullock (Nabob). Bitches: First, J. Handy (Rhyl). Sussex—Dogs: First, P. Bullock (Glaze). Bitches: First, W. S. Holmes (Bess). Large—Dogs: First, P. Bullock (Bob). Highly commended, J. Shorthose (Spring) and P. Bullock (Bruce). Bitches: First and cup and highly commended, P. Bullock (Nellie and Floss). Small—Dogs: First, P. Bullock (Sam). Bitches: First, P. Bullock (Flirt). Highly commended, P. Bullock (Slut) and H. B. Spurgin (Flo).

DACHSHUND.—Black and Tan: First, J. Temperley, jun. (Bergmann); second, E. Hutton (Puzzle). Very highly commended, the Hon. E. Strutt (Thekla). Highly commended, J. E. Platt (Hans). Any other Breed: First, E. Hutton (Festus); second and highly commended, the Rev. G. F. Lovell (Bubble and Mouse). Commended, H. A. Hinde (Bob).

SHEPHERDS.—Champion Class—Dogs: First, J. Brown (Hero). Highly commended, W. W. Thompson (Roger) and W. Horsepool (Rover). Rough—Dogs: First, Miss F. Welby (Dick); second, T. Strickland (Tweed). Highly commended, J. Williamson (Rover). Bitches: First, Captain E. Digby (Katy). Highly commended, W. Musson (Nell). Smooth: First, A. C. Bradbury (Nell). Highly commended, W. W. Thompson (Guellet) and A. T. H. Dalziel (Yarrow); commended, W. H. Charles (Mate).

DALMATIANS.—First and cup, F. Britton (Captain); second, J. Fawdry (Traviser). Very highly commended, W. A. James (Venus); commended, J. Martin (Spot).

BULLDOGS.—Champion Class—First, Vero-Shaw (Saul). Large—Dogs: First and cup, Vero-Shaw (Sepoy); second, C. Rotherham (Prince). Bitches: First, J. Collins (Nettle). Small—Dogs: First, J. Bates (Tom). Bitches: First, J. Whyatt, jun. (Luce).

BULL TERRIERS.—Champion Class—First and cup, C. L. Boyce (Tarquin). White—Large—Dogs: First, P. Yardley (Young Bill); second, C. L. Boyce (Tartar). Highly commended, W. M. Laren (Hector); commended, G. Guy (Young Rebel). Small—Dogs: First, J. Davis, jun. (Peter); second, R. Evans (Bertie). Very highly commended, J. Whitlock (Nip); highly commended, C. L. Boyce (Charlie); commended, H. Nevett (Billy). Bitches: First, C. Darby (Kit). Other than White—Dogs: First, W. A. H. Miller (Patsy). With Uncut Ears: First, J. Terry (Tory); second, E. Burley (Puss).

TERRIERS.—Black and Tan—Champion Class: First and very highly commended, J. Martin (Raglan and Emperor). Highly commended, J. Waddington (Young). Open Class—Large: First, J. Gutteridge (Guess). Highly commended, T. B. Swinbourne (Prince). Small: First, J. Martin (Rasper). Highly commended, J. H. Jenkins (Lily Agnes) and J. Waddington (Tiny). With uncut ears: First, J. Gutteridge (Myrtle). Highly commended, J. Martin (Diamond). Not Black and Tan—Smooth-haired: First and cup and second, J. Martin (Joe and Gem). Very highly commended, J. Martin (Pink); highly commended, W. H. Johnson (Dazzler). Skyes—Prick-eared: No prize awarded. Drop-eared: First, Mr. Briggs (Sam); second, M. Gretton (Lass O'Gowrie). Dandie Dinmonts—Dogs: First, J. Locke (Doctor); second, W. Rome (Brook). Commended, H. M. Swindells (Darsie). Bitches: First, Rev. S. T. Mosse (Nellie); second, J. Locke (Tarr). Bedlington—Dogs: First, T. J. Pickett (Tyndale). Bitches: First, T. J. Pickett (Tyndale II.). Broken-haired (Bitches): First, R. Leavesley (Tip). Wire-haired—Dogs: First, W. Carrick, jun. (Venture); second, J. Terry (Tip). Commended, J. E. Backhouse, M.P. (Tally Ho) and T. Wootton (Tip). Bitches: First, W. Carrick, jun. (Vixen). Toys—Smooth-haired: First, G. B. Whitehead (Frisky); second and highly commended, J. Martin (Minnie and Belle). Broken-haired: First and cup, D. Hirst (Pride of Yorkshire).

POMERANIANS.—White: First, G. Manley (Torry). Highly commended, S. J. Gilbert (Ashkam).

PUGS.—Dogs: First, T. H. Hickens (Max); second, W. L. Faire, jun. (Friday). Very highly commended, R. Meekerin (Bismark). Highly commended, J. Mair, (Banjo); commended, H. Key (Jumbo) and J. Musson, jun. (Punch). Bitches: First, P. Hutchinson (Judy); second, W. L. Faire (Mrs. Crusoe). Highly commended, H. Lewis (Cloudy); commended, G. Taylor (Edith).

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Our Captious Critic.

A SHORT-SIGHTED and ignorant person whom I once met thought fit to object to the title of this our highly entertaining and spirited weekly. He could not see, he said, sufficient connection between matters sporting and dramatic to warrant



A wasted life

their union. I did not at the time think it necessary to supply him with the perception he lacked; but his objection recurred to me forcibly one day some few weeks ago when I found myself in the midst of a horse fair which was being held in a small agricultural town in one of the midland counties. Here, thought I, when I had seen all that was to be seen in and

about the fair, is an ample justification of our title. For a horse fair is an event of importance, not only to the horse-dealer or horse-buyer, but it is the occasion of the gathering together of all sorts of itinerant and peripatetic venders and showmen, who reap an abundant harvest whilst it lasts. Seldom elsewhere will you see the elements of the sporting and dramatic so thoroughly brought together. To begin at the head-quarters of people of all sorts—whether of sock and buskin, or of the pigskins and corduroys—it is a great event for Boniface, the corpulent landlord of The Fleece, who makes a lively profit out of his farmers' ordinary during the horse fair. All day long the scene at the inn is one of constant hurry and bustle. Every room is filled; for on these occasions mine host clears out even the chambers devoted to his own and family's private use and gives them up to his thirsting often, and hungering sometimes, guests, reserving to himself only the little parlour at the back of the bar. The plump, buxom, rosy-cheeked barmaid (she is mine host's only sister's only child, whom he wishes to put in the way of earning an honest livelihood) is engaged in an animated conversation across the bar with Mr. Peterson, the great horse-dealer from the North. This individual is well known at every horse fair in the kingdom. Mr. Peterson (his name is something else, but no matter) carries next his heart a pocket-book stuffed with bank-notes to the amount of I dare not say how many hundred pounds, lest some highwayman should waylay him, and swear that I was in complicity with the assault. Payment in cheque is almost unknown at horse fairs. Mr. Peterson will, with this money which he carries, purchase the majority of the working horses for sale at the fair. Afterwards he will dispose of them at a magnificent profit to railway and tramway companies in the great manufacturing towns of the north. Outside the inn in the stable-yard the scene is no less bustling. Long-waisted ostlers (why have ostlers such very long waists?) are baiting and brushing the steaming nags, which have carried farmers and citizens to the fair from all parts of the country-side, and various are the vehicles which are being bestowed perpendicularly along the wall to await the close of the day when the owners thereof will once more remount and trot homewards, most of them with the animals they have just purchased tethered behind, literalising the proverb of the cart before the horse. Gipsies also are prevalent at your horse-fair. You cannot long remain there without recognising the Romany accent. There is no mistaking the stalwart olive-complexioned young fellow in the velvet coat and scarlet neckerchief, who has a fine colt to sell, which, let us hope, he has come by honestly. And, talking of sports, there is old Mother Jewell, who keeps the shooting saloon, whose pretty dark-eyed daughter is a study for a painter. When this charming damsel is in attendance all the young fellows flock thither to try their skill with the rifle, and she has been known to take thirty pounds odd in one day in sixpences. Other swarthy gipsies

make good profit out of what are technically called "cockshies" and "Aunt Sally." These enterprising worthies will often go deliberately in the way of the flying sticks and endure a black eye or so with comparative equanimity in the view of ultimate pecuniary recompense to be claimed for damages from the unfortunate thrower.

Having said so much about sport, let me wander about the outskirts of the village and observe what is to be seen in the way of drama. By the word drama let me, upon this occasion, be allowed to express the "shows" of many sorts which travel from fair to fair in the summer time. To begin, let me remark that there is the hitherto-unparalleled and thoroughly genuine menagerie of wild beasts. There you may see the



The faithful Bloodhound.

untamed Lybian lion, sulkily gnawing a bone, all his native majesty obscured under the dark cloud of captivity; also the spotted pard, walking round and round his limited cage as though he were trying to overtake his own tail and avenge upon it the grievous wrong he suffers on being prevented from shedding the blood of the innocent Syrian goat, which inhabits a small loose box at the other end of the tent. Again, you have, accompanied by an harmonious odour, the laughing hyena, looking much more as if he were inclined to have a good weep. The pelican of the wilderness stands moodily upon one leg, like unto a broken spendthrift contemplating a very



long bill. The brown bear (unable to bear it any more) slumbers persistently. And various other strange animals, whose ancestry, to say the least of it, is dubious, gaze miserably at the spectator through greasy bars until he begins to have a sincere pity for Noah. Next in importance and dimensions to the menagerie of real live beasts is the "Royal and Imperial Exhibition of Waxwork Figures," the which, we are informed, has been "patternised by hall the crowned heads of Europe." It contains perfectly reliable effigies of all historical and celebrated personages from the times of Nebuchadnezzar down to those of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. There you may see "Habram Linkin in the hactool shoot as he were shot in." There is the "Greek maiden a sucklin' of her pore imprisoned fawther through the bars of his cell"—a group as pathetic as it is probable. There is "Mary Queen of Scots signing Magnachartar," and also "Queen Elizabeth suckin' pison out of her 'usband's harm," as well as a variety of other historical incidents portrayed and lectured upon in a manner equally faithful.

Perhaps you will say all this is not dramatic. Very well, then, let us look in at the booth, "Signor Moloni's Theatre Royal of Varieties." We have the venerable authority of Shakspeare for believing that one man in his time plays many parts. In Signor Moloni's booth not only one man but one young woman, two boys, and a little child played each as many different parts as could be furnished them in a drama of sixteen acts. It could not be said that this drama had no plot. It was all plot. Battle, murder, and sudden death were the familiar incidents which it embodied. Act one contained a love passage which ended in blood. Act sixteen contained a blood passage which ended in love. The unities, to be sure, were a little disregarded; but what of that, when the action of the drama was supposed to take place in five different islands, Madagascar and Iceland included. The characters were of divers sorts. There was a nobleman; but he was not of much account, because the faithful bloodhound, of which I forgot to make mention, made short work of him at an early stage of the proceedings. The sailor was the only one who seemed to turn up all right at the beginning of all the intermediate acts and at the end of the last. What boots it that for all the elaboration of his disguises he bore a striking resemblance to the nobleman, to the hermit, to the clergyman,

and to the old woman, so long as the interest of the piece was sustained through its successive tableaux. Verily, some of our town dramatists could take a lesson in "business"



from Signor Moloni. He did not ask for words when actions could be equally expressive. He looked and danced and hobbled as suited the occasion, with an appreciation of the requirements of his audience which was truly admirable. The

young lady, too, who did not look above forty years of age, displayed an activity commendable if not graceful, and when, at last, bleeding from wounds inflicted by villains of every period, costume, and country that you can well imagine, she appeared in the last tableau, she regained consciousness, was married to the hero, and lived happy ever after in as listless a manner as might belong to any leading lady in a West-End theatre. The "supers" (the two boys alluded to) were more energetic than town supers. Altogether, what I witnessed at that fair, and I give you my word I've not told you half, thoroughly convinced me of the excellence of the title "Sporting and Dramatic."

Talking of the union of sport and the drama, why should not a paper like the *Echo* in its dramatic criticisms extend the system of sending despatches on horseback? If the large and efficient staff whose names I saw mentioned in some papers last week (the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS first heralding the glad news, of course) were to be supplied with appropriate animals they could, each in his turn, gallop off after an act of a play with a bulletin of criticism. For instance, suppose the new piece to be Charles Mathews's *My Awful Dad*, at the Gaiety. The staff could assemble in the refreshment-bar without difficulty, and by turns take guard in the theatre, galloping off at the fall of the curtain. Next act, number two could do the same, and so on; while if another was left in the most genial of haunts for any length of time, awaiting his turn, he would wear the aspect not of a journalist, or critic, or both, but of an amateur *littérateur* out for a holiday. There is no reason why by this means dramatic criticism should not eventually be supplied in a fresh edition of the paper after every succeeding act of a new play; while, at the same time, the critics engaged would attain a certain amount of healthy tone, mental and physical, from the excellent and unaccustomed exercise which I have endeavoured to represent.

A PEDESTRIAN CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.—George Hazael, of London, offers to run any man in the world from two miles to ten, for £50 or £100 a side.

SEYMOUR.—This horse, who started favourite for the St. Leger and met with an accident in the race, is dead. He had not been removed from Doncaster since the accident happened.

Shooting Notes.

NOTICES.

SPORT IN INDIA.—We have been so frequently asked the question by sportsmen, "Where can I go to in India for sport, and at what cost?" that we have decided on sending "A Special Commissioner" to India, whose business it will be to find out all details in connection with sport in India and the cost of obtaining it.

NOTES ON NORWAY.—Sportsmen requiring information about this country will find all details published in our back numbers from Our Special Correspondent "Straxt."

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FAVOURITE RIFLE.

We have good reason for stating that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales prefers the "Henry" system of rifling for sporting purposes. This system is the patent of Mr. Alexander Henry, gunmaker, of Edinburgh.

The "Henry" rifle is considered by many to be superior to any that has yet been produced; and this seems to be borne out by the satisfactory shooting that has been made with this weapon by Mr. Edward Ross (the champion shot, 1860), Lord Vernon, and others, at the meetings of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon, and other gatherings of English and Scottish marksmen elsewhere. A horizontal or transverse section of the barrel shows the rifling to be heptagonal, with small ridges of metal, or "lands," projecting at each angle. The lands are made either acute in form, rectangular, or rounded. The interior of the barrel, consequently, presents a series of seven planes inclined to each other at an angle of nearly 128° 58', which wind along the interior of the barrel with a regular twist of one turn in 20 in. in a rifle with a gauge of .451 inch; but the pitch varies, according to the calibre of the arm, from 20 in. to 6 ft. The adoption of a projecting ridge at each angle of the rifling gives a double number of bearing-points to impart a rotatory motion to the bullet, and tends to diminish the windage, by leaving but little room for the expansion of the bullet when the piece is discharged, so that the missile leaves the barrel very slightly altered in shape. In consequence of this, the friction of the air on a bullet fired from a Henry rifle is far less than that which it exercises on a projectile discharged from any other description of rifled firearm, and there is less chance of the bullet "stripping," as it is termed, when the missile leaves the barrel without turning in the grooves or rifling. In some rifles made by Mr. Henry the additional bearing-points are obtained by making a curved groove in the centre of each plane. This arm does not foul as quickly as other weapons that are loaded at the muzzle. The ball is cylindrical-conoidal in form, and fits easily into the barrel. There is little recoil, and, as the bullet is not liable to strip, an increased charge of powder may be used, which gives a lower trajectory and ensures greater accuracy in the flight of the projectile. The Henry rifle is fitted with a patent wind-gauge sight, for regulating the aim according to the strength of the wind, and, if required, a patent elevating check-piece can be attached.

As "a game shot," either at "fur" or "feather," the Prince of Wales as a rule "has his eye in;" and he is a thorough representative English gentleman and sportsman. As a dead shot at deer "stalking" or "driving" he has, perhaps, no equal, if we except the Duke of Sutherland, who goes in H.R.H.'s suite to India. The Indian rajahs who invite H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on "shikar" expeditions will find that he is "a crack shot," and we have no doubt that the Duke of Sutherland will ably second His Royal Highness. "Our Special Artist" will keep us *au courant* with their doings at large game in India; and, in company with all English sportsmen, we wish the Royal party a hearty *bon voyage*.

A COMPETITION for prizes for the destruction of wood-pigeons in Peeblesshire for the year 1874-5 has just been concluded. The total number of birds killed was 2529.

GAITERS FOR SHOOTING IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE.—It is indispensable to have gaiters for the ankles and legs, as a guard against the swarms of leeches that are ever on the watch to make an attack. These gaiters need to be worn over the ordinary socks, and drawn up over the trousers to the knee, where they must be tightly tied. If a single crevice be left the leeches creep in, and will mount, perhaps, to the armpits, where they proceed complacently to bleed their victim.

The Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association advertises for 5000 pigeons.

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN has bought a large piece of land in Estes Park, Colorado, and designs to preserve the game there for sporting purposes. The neighbouring settlers do not approve of this, and his Lordship will probably have to employ a large force of gamekeepers.

GROUSE AND ONION SAUCE.—We read in the *Kilkenny Moderator* an amusing and gastronomic correspondence between Lord William Lennox (who contributes to THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS) now a visitor at Woodstock, Inistioige, and the sporting contributor to the above newspaper. His Lordship was mentioned as having, in one of his sporting works, recommended grouse and onion-sauce as "angels' food." In reply, he wrote to say that he should have as soon thought of recommending grouse in any way except plain roast, in a salmis or pie, as he would of recommending boiled hare and mint sauce, or roast rabbit and anchovy sauce; owing, however, that he had suggested to those who were in the habit of receiving large supplies of game to try a boiled pheasant and celery sauce. In reply, the sporting contributor makes an *amende honorable* for the mistake, and adds that he shall soon put to the test the merits of a boiled pheasant and celery sauce.

HOW RIFLES ARE MADE FOR SOLDIERS.—Short-armed and short-necked men (characteristics of make which frequently go together), though otherwise well proportioned and with excellent vision, are very frequent in some corps. Yet the rifle-muskets issued are all of one length of stock. To expect the same quickness of adjustment and precision of fire from the short-armed men with the weapon suited to men of average or of long length of arm is now a much more salient error than heretofore. The remedy for this will be in the issue of rifles of at least two different lengths of stock, differing from three-quarters of an inch to one inch from each other.

THE GUN ACCIDENT reported as having occurred to Mr. Charles Tynte happened to Mr. St. David Kemeys-Tynte, a son of Colonel Kemeys-Tynte. The gun was being unloaded by Mr. K. Tynte; but, the cartridge being somewhat tight, he tapped it with the extractor, when the cartridge exploded, very severely injuring his left eye and burning his right arm. Mr. K. Tynte was removed to Lady Cooper's residence, with whom he was staying. Dr. Farrant, of Taunton, the family medical attendant, and Dr. Muler, of Ilminster, were telegraphed for, and they have since been in constant attendance. It is feared the sight of the eye is lost.

AN IMPERIALIST OMEN.—A. M. Cardan is reported to have

shot an eagle, last Monday, in the peninsula plain of Gennevilliers, opposite St. Denis. The bird (*Aquila piscator*) measured 63 in between the tips of the wings and 24 in from head to tail.

A NEW GUN-STOCK.—We have received (says the *New York Forest and Stream*) from Mr. George Smith, of South Bend, Indiana, a rough specimen of his new gun-stock; the peculiarity of which is that the drop can be so altered and arranged as to suit any shooter. There is a pistol grip upon which the stock moves, being adjusted at any point within a certain radius by means of a screw. The curious in such matters can see it at our office.

A CAUTION.—Struck by a heavy hammer upon an anvil, *gunpowder will explode*; and, as this explosive faculty may be developed in an analogous manner, common gunpowder should not be exposed to such possibilities in firework or other manufactures; nor, indeed, for the matter of that, in private houses.

A LEATHER CANNON, weight 10wt 0qr 7lb, formed part of the share of stores which fell to the British on the capture of Paris by the allied armies, 1815; and was brought from the Arsenal of Paris and deposited at the Royal Woolwich Repository, where it was to be seen some years ago.

HOW ELEY'S CARTRIDGES ARE MANUFACTURED.—It is now many years since cartridges have been resorted to in England by sportsmen for the purpose of expediting their loading. In the field, thereby saving time to the sportsman and presenting other advantages, among which that of increasing their range is perhaps the most prominent. In this respect those of the Messrs. Eley (whose manufactory is at 254, Gray's-inn-road) have acquired a wide-spread repute, both at home and abroad.

In the paper and linen cartridges which had previously been made for this purpose, containing the powder and shot charge in one envelope, and in which the paper on the side of the powder was torn previously to putting the cartridges into the barrel, the prejudicial friction of the shot in its passage to the muzzle was not obviated, and the fouling of the barrel was further increased by the carbonisation of some of the paper or linen, while a more serious evil could readily result from a small portion of either, or some grains of powder damped by the residuum in the interior of the barrel, remaining behind in a half incandescent state, which on ramming down the next charge might cause its sudden explosion.

The cartridge itself consists of an extremely fine netting of copper-wire forming a cylindrical tissue, of a size somewhat less than the bore of the gun, from 1½ in. to 1½ in. in length, the web of which is folded inside at one end so as to form the base of the cartridge. Over and round this metallic cylinder, into which a mandril is introduced to keep it in shape, a paper envelope is pasted. The base of the cylinder is also covered with a paper patch bearing the number and weight of the shot. The shot-charge is then put in mixed with bone dust, and the whole covered with a wad, when the cartridge is closed up and pasted down. These cartridges, for their preservation from injury, are packed in small paper bags of a dozen each.

In order to use these cartridges with advantage, the ordinary charge of powder should be increased one sixth, and for extra ranges one fourth, as the maximum, to obviate the too early rupture of the metallic web, which would destroy the effect this is intended to produce. Of course, in these days of breech-loading guns, cartridge-cases can easily be loaded with Eley's wire cartridges, as most sportsmen are aware. Those who do not care about the "choke-bore" system will, as a matter of course, still stick to them for use in the "left barrel" and for wildfowl shooting.

GUN-COTTON DISCOVERED.—In 1832 M. Braconnot, a chemist, of Nancy, in France, in treating starch with concentrated azotic acid, was led to the discovery of a pulverulent and combustible product, to which he gave the name of xylodine. This discovery was passed over, nevertheless, with but little notice; till, in 1838, M. Pelouze, a chemist of some celebrity, resuming the labours of M. Braconnot, discovered that the very simple matters, paper, cotton, linen, and a variety of tissues, as well as other substances, possessed the fulminating property attributed to starch.

BOGARDUS AND HIS GUN.—At the close of the match shot at Jones's Wood, New York, between Captain Bogardus and Mr. T. Broadway, the Captain gave an exhibition of his skill by undertaking to kill twenty-five double birds, at 21 yards rise, no limit, loading his own gun, and to perform the feat inside of eight minutes. It was lively work, and as bird after bird fell it was evident that the Captain would succeed. Sometimes he would allow the pigeon to soar away some seventy yards before he dropped it. His first twenty birds he killed in 2min 30sec, thirty birds in 3min 30sec, forty birds in 5min 40sec, his fiftieth bird fell in 7min 30sec—thus winning the match 30sec ahead of time. He killed fifty out of sixty birds. This feat was loudly applauded, and the Captain is looked upon as the dead-pigeon-shot of the world.

PIGEON-SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.—Champion Bogardus shot, at Irvington, N.J., on Sept. 6, twenty-seven pigeons out of twenty-eight, in two minutes and three seconds, loading his own gun. If any English shot can come within hail of this we would like to hear of it. The birds were flown in pairs at twenty-one yards rise.

WHEN PISTOLS WERE INVENTED.—The shortest fire-arms were the pistol, which first received that designation in the middle of the sixteenth century. It is assumed by Cibrario that they derived their origin from the span-long hand-barrels, at first called bombardelles, made at Perugia (Pistoja), in Italy, in 1364, the balls fired from which had sufficient percussive force to penetrate the armour worn at that period. The first pistols were for the most part of tolerable length, some of their barrels being from twenty to twenty-five inches long. These date from 1547. Their stock was sloped but little, and mostly terminated in a sort of knob, which in the course of time changed into the form of pistol-stock used in the present day. This kind of pistol was carried by the German landsknecht (pike-men of the infantry), as well as by their cavalry, which acquired for their reiters in France, under Henry II., the name of pistoliers. With the latter description of troops these arms, prescribed by a Royal ordonnance of the King of France for all his "Archers of Ordonnance" were, as a rule, provided with wheel or snapshance locks; for in all probability the use of the match-lock, which was almost wholly confined to the infantry, was attended with too many inconveniences on horseback.

THE PRESENTATION RIFLES FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

I perceive the following precious epistle over the signature of "Honesty" in last Saturday's *Field*:—

Within the past few days I have met several old brother sportsmen from India, and have heard much surprise expressed at the very partial manner in which the allotment of the supply of presentation rifles has been made, Grant, Dougall, Purdey, and Wilkinson, in London, and Henry, of Edinburgh, having had all the orders among them.

To the latter name of course no objection could be raised, as in express rifle making he is at the top of the tree; but we in India class Rigby, of Dublin, and Gibbs, of Bristol, with Henry, and most men who really know what an express is deal with one of the three. The other makers named are no doubt A 1 gun-makers; but their rifles are not looked on with so much favour.

I have been to the trouble of making inquiries on the subject, and have been given satisfactory proof that a very fair share of the so-called "town made" expresses will hail from Birmingham; and, in fact, that the whole transaction is what is called a "backstairs" job.

This is not as it should be, and the advisers of the Prince don't seem to have been fair in their selection of makers when they omitted the manufacturers of the "Mitford" and "Rigby" from the list of firms.

There is a great deal too much of this 'system of advertising by means of "presentation guns;" and if gentlemen shooting at the various aristocratic pigeon-matches were called on to declare their guns were their own by purchase and not by "presentation," we should have a good many other names among the winners.

Now, as I travel a good deal, and see your invaluable paper everywhere, I should like to avail myself of your large circulation to counteract, if possible, the evident malice of the foregoing letter.

Mr. John Rigby, as we all know, is one of the best and most scientifically-educated gunmakers of the present or any other age, and report says his "orders" are so numerous and extensive from all parts of the world that I am positive he does not care "two straws" whether the Prince buys rifles of him or not. As to the gunmakers "Honesty" sneers at, they are just as capable of buying Henry's rifle-barrels and fitting them to their own stocks, attaching Brazier's best locks and trying them on their own "ranges," as John Rigby, Henry, Gibb, or any other maker.

Who "Mitford" is, I do not know. Perhaps that arrant humbug "Honesty" means "Metford;" As to Rigby, Gibbs, and Henry being the only makers whose rifles he has seen in India—pray where, may I ask, has he travelled in those parts, not to have seen Holland's, Blissett's, Reilly's, Baker's, Needham's, Moore and Gray's, Grant's, or any other of the many gunmakers who have old clients and customers in that vast Empire. ANTI-HUMBUG.

WHY NOT TO BRIGHTON—BY COACH?

It is a matter of fact that our forefathers knew more about the topography of this "right little tight little island" than their posterity does. Nor have we to inquire very far to know the reason why. Travelling about as they did on the tops of coaches, there was hardly a road with which they were not familiar, and with the local history and anecdotes connected therewith they were well versed. One of the oldest coach-roads is that to Brighton, and it is certainly one of the prettiest out of that seething, smoking, feverish caldron—yclept London—in which men simmer in summer and rush from in frantic haste to get away to Brighton by rail, or to some other watering-place, where they may bathe their parboiled bodies and invigorate the epidermis like the crafty old Israelites did in the Pool of Siloam. But—why not to Brighton—by coach? It is far pleasanter than "to travel in a railway car" like the popular "Slim Jim" immortalised by street music a few years back.

When Mr. Stewart Freeman (one of the proprietors of Aldridge's Horse Repository) started a coach to run from Hatchett's Hotel, in Piccadilly, to the Old Ship, at Brighton, he met with the cordial support of the "driving-loving" public during a long and prosperous season, which is about to terminate on Saturday next, and the magnificent horses, forty in number, which have worked the coach will be sold by auction, at Aldridge's, the week following. Most of these animals are rare hunters, and those on the look out for animals likely to cut a dash in the "shires" may be able to suit themselves from the Brighton team. Quite recently, in company with our well-known artist, Mr. Sturgiss—the Landseer among horses—we had the pleasure of a trip to Brighton, and enjoyed ourselves, as the saying is, "amazingly." The view from Reigate Hill on the down journey is a superb panorama of cultivated woodland scenery not to be surpassed by any in the world. Reigate itself was once upon a time, as historians say, "a place of some magnitude." By-the-bye, how numerous are the places answering to that bald and vague but "cautious, Thomas Carlyle-like" expression! Upon the day the battle of Bannockburn was fought the foundation-stone of the original market-place house of Reigate was laid. At no great distance from Reigate, in the year 1798, "Dr. Ferrers slew a highwayman of great stature" (vide *Annual Register*). Beyond this (in those days) by no means uncommon incident, we can discover nothing of an historically interesting character appertaining to Reigate, "once a place of some magnitude." One thing we do know, that "Viator," upon his arrival at the "Grapes Inn" to lunch, will be charged three shillings for "a cold seance," utterly devoid of the comfort derivable from hot potatoes. On the up journey passengers lunch at the inn at Crawley, where "all hot—all hot" is the order of the day, and where the landlord charges only two shillings and sixpence. We need hardly say that the latter Boniface is the most popular, and he shall have a presentation copy of this Paper "as a reward for not playing tricks upon travellers."

Near to Crawley is Slapford Castle, once the seat of a "big rascal of a knight who lived by plundering his neighbours, but who eventually was completely flabbergasted by a body of militia raised for the purpose." This graphic piece of local history we learned from our cicerone, W. D. McIntyre, the obliging guard.

"OLD MAC," guard of the Brighton coach, is a curiosity in his way. He is, in fact, a link in the chain of destiny connecting the so-called palmy and easy-going days of coaching with the "smash-up" times of gigantic railway collisions, apropos to which an "Old Whip" sagely remarked, "Why, if a coach upsets, there you are; but if a train runs off the rails, where are you?" We need hardly remark that, for obvious reasons, there is no answer to the conundrum contained in the latter part of this sage speech. The good old days of coaching had, however, their drawbacks, as anybody who takes the trouble to catechise "Old Mac" will speedily learn. In the year 1832 this worthy guard, almost at the risk of his life, was successful in getting the mails through on horseback from Falkirk to Edinburgh and Glasgow in a most severe snowstorm, when all the mail-coaches were stopped. On another occasion, in January, 1837, in another snowstorm, he conveyed the mails between Edinburgh and Newcastle by way of Coldstream—passing the guards of two other coaches snugly in bed at Cornhill. "Old Mac," however, was made of better stuff, and got his "mail" through, and back to Edinburgh with the "down mail," a distance of two hundred and twenty miles, on horseback. "Old Mac" has had no less than seven coach upsets. On Jan. 14, 1839, when the Edinburgh and Carlisle mail was blown off the road over a bank into a field near Abbotsford, he was much bruised; and immediately after, near Dalkeith, on a very dark, stormy night, was in a collision with Hargreaves' the carrier's waggon, when he was pitched on to his head off the coach, receiving severe injuries. On April 6, 1839, the coach upset near Selkirk, two passengers had their legs broken, and "Old Mac" his collar-bone broken. About eighteen months afterwards he had another upset, near Langholm, when the present Duke of Wellington, one of the passengers, met with a severe injury. In 1846 our heroic "coach-guard" had another buffet with a most dense snowstorm between Edinburgh and Newcastle and back. The coach was upset twice, and "Old Mac" was obliged to leave

and proceed on horseback with the mails, and it took him six days to complete the journey. On his return to Edinburgh he was obliged to proceed with the north mail as far as Dundee, where he met the celebrated "Jack Goodwin" (another popular mail guard) with the up mail. "Old Mac" exchanged mails and returned to Edinburgh. For this arduous service in the depth of winter he was favourably mentioned to the Post Office. When her Majesty the Queen was at Holyrood Palace in 1853 "Old Mac" was appointed courier during her Majesty's stay in Edinburgh. A case of jewels having been lost on the Queen's trip from Balmoral, "Old Mac" got on the trail of the lost property, and, eventually ran it to earth in a railway carriage at the station of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway Company, and, taking possession of the precious jewel-case, restored it to Colonel Phipps, the Master of the Household. At Carstairs junction "Old Mac" had three ribs broken; and once, when lending a hand in "changing horses" near Truro, in Cornwall, he had the bone of his left leg split by a kick from a vicious animal. A strange eventful history has been "Old Mac's," and apparently a coach-guard's life in the "good old days" (which, thank Heaven, we never experienced) was not all "beer and skittles." Sir Wilfrid Lawson will be glad to learn that in the opinion of this "old stager" railway travelling has conducted much to sobriety. In the coaching days every passenger had at least "two goes of hot with," besides "a good supply on the roof" between "changes." Alas! for the good old times—*cheu fugaces!*—A man now is very often obliged to travel over a hundred miles without "wetting his whistle," and the surreptitious application of his lips to a whisky bottle during the journey would, in the presence of many nervous teetotalers, be almost sufficient warranty for communicating with the railway guard.

But here we are at Brighton, at the "Old Ship"—famous hostelry, lots of "old wine and fat venison" to be had there. What anecdotes we heard on the way down, what beautiful scenery "we gloated over," how invigorated we felt from breathing the pure ozone, are matters of detail which we must leave to the imagination of our friend "Slim Jim," who had been bottled up in a noisy train from London, and who, with jaundiced eye, views us "old stagers" demolish ten times as much dinner as he can. Next season we shall have more to say about going to Brighton by coach; mean time we return our best thanks to the popular whip Mr. Stewart Freeman, and we hope that next year he will again run to Brighton.

Principal Races Past.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

FIRST DAY.—MONDAY, OCT. 11.

A SELLING WELTER HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 5 added, Ancaster Mile, was won by Mr. H. Baltazzi's b f Blanchette, by Muscovite—Obligation, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb (Purty), beating Hermitage, 6 yrs, 8st 2lb, by ten lengths. Blanchette finished favourite.

A POST SWEETSTAKES of 200 sovs each, for two-year-old fillies, 8st 10lb each, T.Y.C., was won by Mr. Bowes's b f Twine the Maiden, by Blair Athol—Old Orange Girl, 8st 10lb (Fordham), beating Zee, 8st 10lb, and Lady Mar, 8st 10lb, by a head. 4 to 1 on winner.

The FIRST WELTER HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, with 100 added; winners extra. T.Y.C. (5 furlongs 140 yards). 15 subs.

Prince Batthyany's b c Julian, by Julius—Moneyspinner, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb	F. Archer	1
Count Lagrange's Eve, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb	Morris	2
Mr. Savile's Ingleswood Ranger, 4 yrs, 8st	H. Covey	3
Lord Aylesford's Oxonian, aged, 10st 13lb	Jewitt	0
Lord Zetland's Morocco, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb	Snowden	0
Mr. R. Christopher's Athelney, 6 yrs, 10st	Mordan	0
Mr. Bowes's Madge Wildfire, 6 yrs, 8st 11lb	Griffiths	0
Mr. M. Delton's Marvellous, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb	F. Webb	0
Mr. Beaumont's Macadam, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb	J. Goater	0
Sir G. Chetwynd's Vengeresse, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb	Newhouse	0
Mr. Gerard's Wigwam, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb	F. Jeffery	0
Lord Vivian's Squib, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb	Morley	0
Mr. H. Jennings's Maravilla, 3 yrs, 7st	Rolfe	0
Mr. T. Hughes's f by Flash in the Pan—Juliet, 3 yrs, 7 st	Thompson	0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst Julian, 100 to 12 agst Maravilla, 10 to 1 each agst Fv and Macadam, 100 to 8 each agst Squib, Vengeresse, and Oxonian, 100 to 6

agst Wigwam, and 20 to 1 each agst Morocco and Marvellous. Won in a canter by five lengths; half a length between second and third.

A PLATE of 100 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for two-year-olds, T.Y.C., was won by Mr. H. Baltazzi's b c John Day, by John Davis—Breakwater, 8st 3lb (Purty), beating Carthusian, 8st 10lb, Gavarni, 8st 10lb, and six others. Won by a length. 6 to 4 on John Day.

The BURWELL STAKES of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, for two and three year olds, weight for age, &c., Rous course, was won by Captain Prime's b c Trappist, by Hermit—Bunch, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb (inc 5lb extra) (F. Archer), beating Ventnor, 2 yrs, 7st, and Camembert, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb. Won by three lengths. 6 to 4 on winner.

The CESAREWITCH TRIAL HANDICAP of 100 sovs. CesaREWitch Course.

Mr. Savile's bl c Velveteen, by Parmesan—Moleskin, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb	C. Archer	1
Count F. de Lagrange's b f La Courcuse, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb	Fordham	2
Marquis de Caumont la Force's b f Pysaleine, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb	Rolfe	3
Sir A. de Rothschild's Beaconsfield, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb	Huxtable	0
Mr. C. Bush's Miriam, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb	Morgan	0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst Beaconsfield, 4 to 1 agst La Courcuse, and 6 to 1 each agst Velveteen and Pysaleine.

The SCURRY NURSERY of 20 sovs each, with 100 added, last half of R.M., was won by Mr. C. J. Langland's b f Electra, by Orest—LuMuta, 6st 8lb (Thompson), beating Briggs Boy, 8st 9lb, Chiquita, 6st 10lb, and ten others in a canter, by four lengths. 2 to 1 agst Electra.

Lord Falmouth's ch c Farnese, by Parmesan—Lady Coventry, 8st 7lb (F. Archer), walked over for the OCTOBER PRODUCE STAKES.

TUESDAY.

MATCH: 100, h ft. T.Y.C. Lord Rosslyn's br f Eleusis by Beadsman—Kalipyge, 3 yrs, 8st (F. Archer), 1; Lord Rosebery's Huntly, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb, 2. Betting: 7 to 4 on Eleusis, who won in a canter by three lengths.

SWEETSTAKES of 10 sovs each, with 50 added; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. T.Y.C. Won by Mr. Pooley's b c Creeby by D'Estournel—Birdline, 2 yrs, 7st (Weedon), beating Fromage, 2 yrs, 7st; Stroller, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb, and five others. Won by three lengths.

A PLATE of 100 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; for two-year-olds. T.Y.C. Won by Lord Lonsdale's ch c Carthusian by Beadsman—Ischia, 8st 10lb (Custance), beating Lord Eldon, 8st 10lb; Mr. P. Price's b c by Blinkhoolie—Princess Boatrice, 8st 3lb (£200); and five others. Won by a head. Eleven to eight on Carthusian.

The CLEARWELL STAKES of 30 sovs each, 20 ft; for two-year-olds; winners extra. T.Y.C. 37 subs.

Lord Falmouth's ch c Farnese by Parmesan—Lady Coventry	F. Archer	1
8st 5lb (inc 10lb extra)	Custance	2
Lord Wilton's c by Blinkhoolie—Aline, 8st 10lb	Constable	3
Lord Rosebery's ch c All Heart, 8st 10lb	Chaloner	4
Mr. Crawford's ch c Glacis, 8st 10lb	Griffiths	5
Mr. Bowes's b c Goral, 8st 10lb	Griffiths	6

Betting—7 to 4 on Farnese, 3 to 1 agst All Heart, and 10 to 1 agst Glacis. Won easily by three quarters of a length. All Heart finished six lengths behind the second, three or four in advance of Glacis, who just beat Goral past the post.

The CESAREWITCH STAKES of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, with 200 added; the second received 50 sovs. CesaREWitch Course (2 miles 2 furlongs 23 yards). 71 subs.

Prince Soltykoff's br c Duke of Parma by The Duke—Palm, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb (car 6st)	Rossiter	1
Mr. Grettton's Pageant, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb	Constable	2
Baron Schickler's b c Perleux, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb	Gradwell	3
Mr. James Snarry's b f Lily Agnes, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb	W. Wood	0
Mr. Seabrook's ch f Apology, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb	J. Osborne	0
Lord Ailsbury's Adventuriere, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb	Chaloner	0
M. P. Aumonier's Figaro II, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb	Carratt	0
Mr. Gomm's Leman, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb	J. Goater	0
Sir J. Astley's Scamp, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb	G. Fordham	0
Captain Bastard's Peeping Pom, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb	F. Archer	0
Mr. F. Swindell's Tomahawk, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb	Newhouse	0
Mr. H. Savile's Lilian, 6 yrs, 8st 1lb	Maidment	0
Mr. R. Vyner's Organist, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb	Griffiths	0
Mr. Marshall's Trent, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb	Parry	0
Mr. T. Smith's Dalham, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb	Mills	0
Mr. Crawford's Royal George, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb	A. Cooke	0
Mr. M. Taylor's Ben Battle, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb	Major	0
Mr. Joseph Dawson's Lacy, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb	C. Wood	0
Lord Dupplin's Distinction, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb	Glover	0
Mr. Mitchell-Innes's St. Leger, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb (inc 10lb ex.)	G. Jooke	0
Sir A. de Rothschild's Carnation, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb	Thompson	0
Count F. de Lagrange's Tartine, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb (car 7st 7lb)	Mordan	0
Mr. Westbourne's Genuine, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb	T. Clay	0
Lord Rosebery's Fève, 5 yrs, 7st 5lb	Morley	0
Mr. James Nightingall's Hampton, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb	Weedon	0
Mr. T. Davison's b c King Log, by King Tom—Moonshine, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb	Huxtable	0
Mr. R. Forrester's Daniel, 4 yrs, 7st	Fagan	0
Mr. Neilson's ch g Preceptor, 5 yrs, 7st	Morgan	0
Mr. N. Ennis's Ingomar, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb (car 7st 1lb)	F. Wynne	0
Lord Fitzwilliam's c Chancellor, by Exchequer—Savant, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb	C. Archer	0
Mr. Masque's Cornbrook, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb	Slattery	0
Mr. Ford's Moatlands, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb	F. Jeffery	0
Mr. Gerard's b c Harmonides, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb	J. Jarvis	0
Mr. T. Melville's Sweet Violet, 4 yrs, 6st 3lb	Cutler	0

M. J. Prat's bl f Parempuyre, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb (car 6st 5lb) Rolfe 0
Mr. R. Peck's Sir Garnet, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb (car 6st 10lb) Wainwright 0
Betting: 4 to 1 agst Duke of Parma, 100 to 15 each agst Peeping Tom and Pageant, 10 to 1 agst Lacy, 20 to 1 each agst Scamp, Lilian, Distinction, and Parempuyre, 25 to 1 each agst Organist, Dalham, and Royal George, 30 to 1 agst Tartine, 100 to 3 each agst St. Leger and Hampton, 40 to 1 each agst Adventuriere and Carnation, 50 to 1 each agst Lily Agnes, Trent, Ben Battle, Genuine, King Log, and Sir Garnet, 1000 to 15 agst Moatlands, 100 to 1 each agst Apology, Fève, Daniel, Harmonides, and Figaro II., and 200 to 1 agst Lemnos.

They got away at the first attempt almost to the minute, and so good was the pace in the early part that the lot soon presented such a lengthy tail as they streamed along behind the Ditch that it is impossible to attempt anything like a description of the race until the immense body of horses appeared in sight at the commencement of the flat. Up to that point, thanks to the information volunteered by the jockeys, the front rank comprised Preceptor, Daniel, Carnation, Figaro II., Harmonides, Duke of Parma, Parempuyre, St. Leger, Lilian, Genuine, Dalham, and Lacy, of which lot Preceptor and Daniel made joint running until emerging from "Choke-jade" up the hill on the flat. Daniel then disappeared in the ruck, but Preceptor retained the lead past the Rowley Mile starting-post, when he died away with Figaro II., and the running was taken up by Parempuyre, who lay in the centre of the course, about half a length in front of Carnation. This pair were clear of the next lot, which comprised Duke of Parma, Dalham, Royal George, and Perleux on the right, with Scamp and Adventuriere in the track of the latter; while prominent on the left showed Lilian, Genuine, Lacy, St. Leger, Pageant, Hampton, Lily Agnes, Organist, and Peeping Tom, which lot, as near as we could make out, formed the front rank to the T.Y.C. winning-post. The weight told on Carnation directly afterwards, and on his retirement Lilian showed as bold a front as anything for a few strides, but was out of the race at the Bushes, as was Peeping Tom and all the heavy-weighted division, most of whom began to pull up. At that point Duke of Parma deprived Parempuyre of the lead, and the latter was headed directly afterwards by Pageant on the left, whilst Perleux, wide on the judge's side, and mistaken by many for Distinction, drew up level with the French mare, who was beaten in the Abingdon bottom. At the foot of the hill Pageant got sufficiently near to the favourite to justify expectations of a close race, but the latter soon shook him off on Rossiter taking up his whip, which caused the Duke of Parma to swerve all over the course, though he luckily kept sufficiently clear of his nearest follower not to interfere with him, and won—all out—by three lengths, Pageant beating Perleux for second money by four. Parempuyre was fourth, just clear of Perleux, and half a dozen lengths behind her came Organist and Hampton, a head apart, Ben Battle being seventh, some distance in front of Figaro II., and Apology, who came next. Lily Agnes separated the foregoing from the ruck, at the tail of which were Adventuriere, Lemnos, Ingomar, and St. Leger, whilst a long way in the rear of them Fève and Tomahawk cantered in side by side. Run in 4min 7sec.

The ROYAL STAKES of 200 sovs each, 120 ft, for three-year-olds; certain winners extra; the second saved her stake. A.F. (1 mile 2 furlongs 73 yards). 6 subs.

Lord Falmouth's b f Spinaway, 8st 3lb (inc 10lb extra)	F. Archer	1
Mr. Cartwright's ch f Maud Victoria, 8st 7lb	Constable	2
Mr. Crawford's b g Semper Durus, 8st 10lb	Chaloner	3

Betting: 7 to 2 on Spinaway, who won in a canter by three-quarters of a length; four lengths between second and third.

MATCH: 200 sovs, h ft. Last half mile of D.M.

Lord Rosebery's b f Repeal, by General Peel—Hopblossom, 8st 4lb	Constable	1
Mr. Crawford's Brother to Royal George, 2 yrs, 8st 7lb	Chaloner	2

Betting: 5 to 4 on Brother to Royal George, who held a slight lead to the cords, where Repeal challenged, and won a good race by a length.

WEDNESDAY.

The one event of interest to-day was the MATCH: 1000 sovs, 200 ft. R.M. (1 mile 17 yards).

Prince Batthyany's Galopin, by Vedette—Flying Duchess, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb

Morris 1

Mr. H. Bird's Lowlander, 5 yrs, 9st G. Fordham 2
Betting: 6 to 4 on Galopin, who was a little awkward at the post when Morris attempted to turn him round, whilst Lowlander, on the contrary, was all eagerness, and jumped off before the signal was given. At the next attempt they got away perfectly level, and Lowlander instantly made play at the best pace he could muster—a "cracker"—Galopin lying at his quarters on the whip-hand until near the Bushes, when he pulled his way up to the leader's neck on the pace slackening. Descending the hill Galopin closed with his opponent, and heading him half way down, had him safe in the Abingdon bottom, and Lowlander finching under the whip, the young one fairly wore him down and won by a length.

RACING AND STEEPLECHASE FIXTURES.

OCTOBER.

Newmarket Second October	15	Curragh	10, 20, 21
Wrexham	15	Cheltenham	21, 22
Chantilly	17, 24	Bromley	21, 22
La Marche	18	Northallerton	22, 23
Grimsby	18	Newmarket Houghton	23-30
Coventry	19, 20	Godstone	27
Croydon October	19, 20	Caterick Bridge Autumn	28
Newcastle Autumn	19, 20	Autuill	31

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3. A BAY FILLY FOAL, by Costa out of Black Sarah (dam of Brown Sarah), by Yellow Jack.
4. DIVERTISSEMENT (foaled 1861), by Grosvenor out of One Act, by Annandale out of Extravaganza, by Voltaire out of Buletta, by Acteon; covered by Costa.
5. A CHESTNUT COLT, by Van Amburgh out of Divertissement, by Grosvenor.
6. ANGELICA, a bay mare (foaled 1864), by St. Albans out of Lady Ann, by Touchstone, her dam Susan, by Ellis out of Tesane, by Whisker; covered by Mars.
7. SHERWOOD LASS (foaled 1871) (half sister to Winslow), by Robin Hood out of Creslow, by King Tom out of Lady, by Orlando out of Snow-droop, by Heron.
8. VAUCLOSE, a bay mare (foaled 1868), by Dollar out of Euryanthe, by The Baron out of Allumette, by Taurus—Orville mare, covered by Costa.

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ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane. GREYHOUNDS.—On SATURDAY (THIS DAY), OCT. 16, 1875, will be SOLD by public AUCTION, without reserve, the property of F. H. Hemming, Esq., his whole KENNEL of GREYHOUNDS, including Peasant Boy, Scatender, Slate Dresser, Magenta, Belle of Holywell, Preforth, and eight first season dogs. Full particulars in catalogues. W. and S. FREEMAN.

HORSES from the 20th HUSSARS. By Order of the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for War, Messrs. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors of ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane, will SELL, by PUBLIC AUCTION, on SATURDAY, OCT. 16 (THIS DAY), 1875, TWENTY-ONE HORSES from the 20th Hussars, at Aldershot. On View at Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, on Friday, Oct. 15, and until the Sale.

ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane. GREYHOUNDS.—On SATURDAY, OCT. 23, will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, without reserve, the property of David Jones, Esq., Conway, North Wales, who is returning to Australia, his entire KENNEL of TWENTY-FIVE valuable GREYHOUNDS, including stud dog, brood bitch, second and first season dogs, and puppies. On view Friday, Oct. 22, and until the sale. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Sketches of important events in the Sporting World and in connection with the Drama will, if used, be liberally paid for.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1875.

AMONG the many benefits likely to accrue to the turf community by the recently announced determination on the part of the Jockey Club to set their house in order and thoroughly to revise and recast the code of racing laws, not the least will be found in the opportunity of consolidating the many suggested reforms which from time to time has been brought under the notice of the legislative assembly of the turf. Many of these could not be grafted on existing institutions without endangering their coherence; but the opportunity will soon present itself of welding all together in one harmonious whole; and the framers of the new digest will doubtless be willing to accept any reasonable suggestions for rendering their labours more complete. Among the many grievances—not to say evils—at present calling for remedies; there can be none more urgent than our existing system of turf nomenclature. The French perceived the existence of abuses likely to spring from non-intervention in this matter very early in their efforts to introduce racing into France, and the regulations adopted by them for abating the evil are sensible in the extreme, and worthy of imitation by our own Jockey Club. It seems anomalous in these days, when racehorses must be reckoned by hundreds instead of the scores which our ancestors kept for their amusement, that animals should be allowed to run without any distinctive appellation being conferred upon them by their owners; that identity of nomenclature should prevail to a most confusing extent; and that it should be permissible for masters to change the names of their animals as frequently as they please, under certain restrictive conditions, indeed, but not of such a character as to lessen in any important degree the inconvenience of the practice. In perusing the annals of races past, and going back less than half a century, we find that the "great unnamed" were rare as compared with the nameless ones of our own day, and that there was consequently less trouble in identifying the different horses after their active life upon the turf came to an end. The names were ridiculous, grotesque, and inappropriate enough certainly, but they served the required end of distinguishing one animal from another, and tended to economise both time and breath. Most of us will remember Lord Glasgow's obstinate aversion to naming those gigantic bearers of his crimson and

white which we look back upon with feelings of wondering admiration; and the eccentric Earl's example seemed to be in some degree contagious, many of his contemporaries being equally dilatory in distinguishing their instruments of gambling. Of course, in Lord Glasgow's case the grievance was intolerably aggravated when two nameless ones were responsible for some unfortunate youngster labouring under the same misfortune; but, in any case, the omission must be denounced as productive of all sorts of evils. The Jockey Club should at once proceed to counter them by a rule compelling owners to name before running a horse in a race of any description, so that his appearance in the Calendar programme should be made with full designation. It would be far more convenient for thoroughbreds to be named as foals—or, at least, as yearlings; but this could hardly be insisted upon, as the fancies of owners must in some way receive consideration, and many of them naturally prefer that the youngster should come into their possession unhampered with a name. So long as a horse starts in his racing career with some name or another, it does not greatly signify; but it is of the highest importance that the name should be a distinctive one, and not one adopted by any of his racing contemporaries. The French allow a name to be repeated, but compel owners to adopt a suffix of II. or III., a reasonable regulation which we need not hesitate to adopt. We have most of us experienced the inconvenience, to use a mild term, of identity of nomenclature; but there can be no doubt that the practice opens a door to fraud and chicanery, and should at once be condemned. A name once given should be unalterable; and all possessed of any turf experience will bear witness to the nuisance occasioned by frequent changes of name. Owners are bound, it is true, to specify the animal's "late" appellation; but, in practice, we do not find much benefit from this restriction, and endless mistakes are ever recurring, of which the lesser grades of sharks do not hesitate to take advantage. Want of name, identity of name, and changes of name, foster the iniquitous system of "catch-bets," and raise up a crop of Jeremy Diddlers ready to take advantage of the weaker brethren. As in the human so in the equine world, the horse of many aliases is not likely to be more respectable than his congener who appears so frequently on police-sheets as being known under various names. Frequent alterations are in all cases suspicious in the highest degree, generally having for their object the blinking of handicappers or throwing dust in the eyes of the public. High-class horses are not made to suffer such indignities, but it is generally the rip or the crock to which the descent from Ascot or Doncaster to Streatham and Hendon is easy enough. We trust that this small but highly important measure of reform will not be grudged by "Friends in Council" who meet to deliberate upon the framework of new racing laws; and we feel certain that all classes of racing men whose interests are worth studying will cheerfully acquiesce in a measure which only requires the exercise of a little more ingenuity and a more acute appreciation of novelty to render it popular as well as effective.

Looking over the records of yearling sales which took place fifteen years ago, we cannot see that the practice of naming yearlings is on the increase, so many breeders considering it either beyond their province to give appropriate appellations, or deeming the office of sponsor better fulfilled by their new owners. All breeders have not the classical instinct for naming of the late Lord Derby, or the happy gift of conferring such "winning" titles as Mr. Cookson seems to possess. Be the names good or bad ones, there is at least this one advantage, that sportsmen into whose possession they pass, however they may alter, cannot obliterate a name, so as to make the unhappy purchase revert to his former state of namelessness. Another word as to naming and we have done. It is much to be desired that the ignorant and the fanciful should abstain from airing their indifferent grammar and grotesque notions in naming their animals in the absurd style we too often encounter. This is, of course, mere matter of taste, concerning which nobody has any business to protest; but we may remind those persons seemingly desirous of making themselves and their horses equally ridiculous that Fortune is not wont to smile on such flagrant vagaries, and that her favours are mostly in reserve for the happily-named ones of the turf. A common name need not be a bad one, and the Smiths, Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons of society have made themselves famous and distinguished; while the Bugginses and Stigginses have been sedulously kept without the pale of caste and rank. Sometimes a "Catch-em-alive" may arise to confound our theory and startle us from our propriety; but horses eccentrically named do not, as a rule, find their names recorded on the bed-roll of celebrities which enumerates the "Winners of the Great Races."

SALMON-ANGLING IN SCOTLAND.—This month salmon-angling, which has been very poor on Scotch waters this season, shows signs of improvement, and good sport has been had on several rivers. On the Spey some fine salmon have been landed, especially on the Gordon Castle section of the river. On the Dee anglers have landed several fine fish, the largest lately taken being on the Maryculter section. On the Tweed salmon-angling prospects also appear at last to brighten somewhat. On the Tay several big fish have been taken. Five salmon were landed in one day on the Upper Cargill water.

BALLINASLOE HORSE FAIR.—Ballinasloe horse fair proper began on the 7th inst. There was an average supply of animals, but a falling off in quality as compared with former fairs. Trained hunters were bought up at long prices; sound hacks and cobs were also well and quickly sold. There was a fair supply of untrained blood colts and fillies, but very few really first-class animals of this description. Weight-carrying hunters averaged from £100 to £250, only one or two animals in the fair realising the latter figure. Colts ranged from £60 to £90. The average price of first-class cobs was about the same.

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints and Inflammation.—Have it in your houses, and use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[Advrt.]

THE HISTRION'S HORNBOOK.

IV.—THE TRAGEDIAN.

I PROTEST that of all the histrions of the male sex I have the greatest hesitancy in addressing you. Not, indeed, that I anticipate your ingratitude. But the task of drawing up a code of laws which shall include the various styles of you all is at once the most delicate and difficult that it is possible to conceive of. It is a delicate task, because of your nice susceptibilities and the risk I run of wounding them by mentioning as a discovery in histrionics that which has long been admitted by you and your brethren. It is as though a barrister who has just gone his first circuit should lecture the Judges on law; or as if a curate new fledged from the University should correct the theology of the whole bench of bishops.

But though the delicacy of the task is great, the difficulty of it is far more considerable. In arranging laws for the guidance of those belonging to other branches of the profession the labour is simple, in that they have all some fundamental principles of procedure, the which, as it were, I have merely to focus and indicate. But with you it is different. You are a child of nature. Your style owes nothing to tradition. You are as devoid of stage tricks and the inherited methods of doing business as though you came but yesterday upon the boards. You have, indeed, witnessed the performances of famous predecessors. But these exhibitions have had no evident influence in shaping your expression or your action. Their simple ways have had no effect on yours. You are—as is each of your brethren—a law unto himself. You will understand, therefore, how seemingly insuperable are the difficulties that lie between me and the completion of that part of my task which I now approach. I crave your kind indulgence.

I do not hesitate to say—because I love uniformity above all things—that the great difference existing between the performances of all of you is distressing. For when I see *Richard III.* (as I often do in the country) I would like to observe a certain similarity in the impersonations; whereas 'tis well known that no two tragic artists ever yet made the same points, and their representations display as great a variety as the efforts of rival painters at a Court.

Wherefore I will say at once and roundly that my rules—the which I will extend one day to the dimensions of a folio devoted to tragedians alone—are intended to have the effect of producing that sameness, the absence of which I do now find so deplorable. Though I advise a reform so great, I would have none of you rush away with the idea that he is thereby impelled to decrease his regard for himself. You will not love yourselves less, but you will love art more.

In private life you will do well to bear in mind that you are the most magnificent of the mummers. Never for a single moment forget the position you hold upon the stage. To you the stage must be the real world; the real world a mimic stage.

Let your mind become so imbued with the elevated sentiments of the noble personages whom you represent to the audience that even during intervals of trifling conversation and in uncongenial society you may shed abroad some of the kingly attributes which you display in the drama. Nor let ill-luck, nor scanty wardrobe prevent this justifiable assumption. Marry! though I were playing the part of a monarch for a beggarly pittance of fifteen shillings a week none should converse with me and not feel that though I had the Indies for my least considerable foreign property I could not look the character a whit more.

In the matter of dress be particular. At the same time you cannot be too careful or too economical. Velvet collars last long and are easily turned. The fabric is costly but it is your most dignified wear. Never appear without gloves, though every finger in them should have a hole in it. In order to keep up the supply of them, attend the funerals of all your friends and acquaintances. The gloves handed about by the undertaker's men are not the very best quality of kid, nor do they always fit. You may, nevertheless, now and then happen upon a pair of funereal gauntlets which will serve your turn for a six months. Nor let any false shame that you are gloving yourself at your friends' expense deter you; because he contracts with the undertaker, whose profits are so great that 'tis a mere charity in you to reduce them. Carry always a heavy stick. It will remind you of the regal sceptre which you assume at night.

In conversation neither utter a joke nor laugh at one. Dr. Johnson, the well-known author of a tragedy called "Irene," declares that he who would make a pun would pick a pocket. And surely, on the principle that the receiver is as bad as the thief, he who laughs at one must be adjudged *particeps criminis*. Should an anecdote be narrated in your hearing of Betterton, or Quin, or Garrick, you may indeed smile when the point is delivered. But be sure you cap it with a more brilliant story about yourself.

You may always admit—whether it be true or no—that you have played in a travelling-booth at a fair, reminding your auditory that Edmund Kean did the same. But never on any consideration acknowledge to having fulfilled lengthened engagements at the East-End.

It may happen that you shall be occasionally introduced to persons unconnected with the profession. When such an accident happens, bow slowly and affect a half-smile; because then the outsider will see that the honour is conferred by you, not received. The irreverence of many to be encountered in society is excessive. If, therefore, he should offer you his hand, affect not to see it; but if his bearing evince a decent spirit of humility, it is allowable for you to extend your hand to him in a condescending way and without prejudice, as the lawyers have it. This rule may be slightly relaxed when it is whispered to you that the outsider has recently become manager of a playhouse.

Avoid the society of young dramatic authors, particularly those who write comedies. They are prone to indulge in much irreverent ribaldry. And, when you afterwards refer to any one of them, you have my permission to call him a "jackanapes."

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and, telling the call-boy to fetch a doctor, he immediately hurried Bensley upon the stage.

The ghost, in a faltering, hoarse voice, had begun, "I am thy father's spirit," when he paused to utter a low curse upon the brandy-and-water, afterwards proceeding and reaching the words "leprous distillments," he added, "meant for the rats," and cried aloud, "I can't go on!"

Then said Kemble aside, "Go off, and I'll apologise."

The apology was made, the surgeon arrived, the glass was examined.

"This is not arsenic," said the surgeon.

"Not arsenic!" cried Bensley.

"No, Sir," said the frightened call-boy, who in the mean time had made a discovery. "If you please, Sir, it wasn't the landlady's glass; it was one I tooked. The property-man had put some rose-pink in it to make the blood; only I didn't notice it!" You can imagine the rest.

There is another good story told of Bensley, and that also will bear repeating. The spirits who alarm Richard III. in his tent were wont to appear up a trap *en buste*. Bensley, having been playing Henry VI., was waiting impatiently to display his upper half as his own ghost; and, having been invited to a sup with some convivial friends after the performance, had divested himself of half his costume to save time. Presently he appeared under the stage, his upper man solemnly arrayed in black velvet and bugles, the lower in a tight pair of smart new nankeen pantaloons. He placed himself upon the platform, cautioning the carpenter at the winch not to raise him too high, and, the cue being given, up he went. Close by stood a mischievous low comedian, who had been laughing at Bensley's odd appearance; and, the spirit of fun being too strong for him, he suddenly gave the winch a few rapid turns, ran King Henry up to the level of the stage, and jerked him forward full into the sight of the audience. The roar of laughter which arose was tremendous.



Even the conscience-smitten, terrified tyrant in the tent, at the sight of the old Lancastrian monarch in a costume belonging to two such different periods, sat up and roared with the rest. This story has been told by several others—by Dr. Doran, amongst others, and by that prince of practical jesters Theodore Hook, who, however, tells it not of Bensley but of Jack Johnson. But of telling stories there is no end, and it is high time that you once more bade adieu to

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

Coaching.

ANCIENT AND MODERN COACHING, WITH ANECDOTES OF THE ROAD.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

ALTHOUGH, unfortunately, there have been of late years many fatal accidents by rail, caused by carelessness, inattention, and the over-working of pointsmen and others employed on the respective lines, I question much, taking into consideration the thousands on thousands that travel by steam, as compared with those that journeyed by the road, whether the accidents were not as serious and as numerous in the days of coaching as they now are. I shall confine myself to mail and stage-coaches, albeit private carriages and post-chaises were not exempt from breakings down, upsets, and other casualties, caused by drunken or reckless drivers, runaway horses, or by fragile springs, wheels, axletrees, and poles. Macaulay, when describing the mishaps that befell Prince George of Denmark and his suite when visiting the stately mansion of Petworth, says that a man may get up with his head on after a roll in the Sussex mud, which, unfortunately, is not always the case after a railway collision; but the great historian would have thought differently had he been aware of the dangers of the road which I am about to record. Prince George and his courtiers were overturned and stuck fast in the mud upon their journey; but, at the pace they travelled at, no serious consequence was to be apprehended—they were six hours going nine miles.

I will now select out of a number a few cases of accidents caused by the inclemency of the weather, carelessness, and reckless driving. It often happened that during heavy snowstorms travelling was impracticable. In March, 1827, the storm was so violent in Scotland that the mails, especially those from the south, were stopped for several days, although no snow had fallen further south than Carlisle. On many parts of the road between Carlisle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow the snow lay to the depth of 25 ft. On the roads between Edinburgh and Glasgow a path had to be cut out by the labour of men the whole way; the snow was so deep as to rise in many places above the heads of the outside passengers of the stage-coaches, while those in the inside saw nothing on their right and on their left but rough walls of snow. The mails dispatched from Glasgow to the south were twenty-four hours proceeding to Douglas Mill, and the mail from Glasgow to Edinburgh only proceeded three miles, though drawn by six horses. The guard and coachman set forward with the mail-bags on horse-back, and with great exertion reached Holytown, seven miles further, in as many hours. On the following morning another attempt was made, but, after proceeding a mile, both coachman and guard were obliged to return to Holytown. A number of men were then employed to clear the road, and at three o'clock in the afternoon they made a second attempt, but could only reach Shotts, as the men engaged in cutting the road were obliged to desist, in consequence of the wind filling up the path as fast as they cleared it. Next morning they started again at half-past five, and only reached Edinburgh, in a very exhausted state, in about twelve hours.

Again, in 1837 one of the heaviest falls of snow ever remem-

bered in this country took place during the Christmas night. It extended over part of the kingdom. So deep were the drifts of snow that in some of the lower grounds it was from 40ft to 50ft deep; thus in many parts of the country all communication by the usual modes of travelling was entirely suspended. The impediments to the mails were of the most serious description. Not a single mail of Dec. 26, which ought to have arrived by six o'clock on Monday morning, reached the Post Office before half-past eight in the evening. Of the mails sent out from London on Christmas night the Dover went twenty miles and returned, the coachman and guard declaring the roads to be utterly impassable. The letters were conveyed daily from Canterbury to Dover on sledges drawn by three and four horses, tandem. Occasionally they were forwarded by means of pack-horses. The fare for a passenger on a sledge was £2.

In 1838 one of the most terrific storms of thunder and lightning that had been witnessed for many years took place on Aug. 28, during which the Royal mail, on its way from York to Leeds, was overturned a short distance before its arrival at Tadcaster. The vivid glare of the lightning and the roar of the thunder so affrighted the horses that they started off, ran the coach upon an embankment, and it was instantly overturned. There were three inside and three outside passengers, besides the coachman and guard, all of whom, with the exception of the coachman, escaped unhurt. A more serious accident occurred in October. Whilst the Coburg coach, on its way from Perth to Edinburgh, was receiving the passengers and luggage from the steamer at Newhalls Pier, South Queensferry, the leaders suddenly wheeled round, and, notwithstanding the guard and coachman were almost instantly at their heads, coach and horses were precipitated over the quay. Some of the outside passengers escaped by throwing themselves on the pier, but those in the inside were less fortunate. The inside passengers consisted of three ladies and one gentleman. The coach having fallen into the sea on its side, one lady and gentleman managed to get their heads thrust out of the window above the water till extricated from their perilous situation; the other two were taken out dead. The only outside passenger who kept his place on the coach until it was precipitated into the water was pitched into the sea a considerable distance, but, fortunately, saved himself by swimming ashore. The pole having broken, the leaders were saved, but the two wheel horses were drowned.

At Galashiels, where there is a bridge uniting two curves of the road, one of the horses commenced kicking, and in a few moments had its hind legs over the bar. The coachman tried to arrest their progress, but his efforts were useless, and the coach was overturned in a few seconds. At that time there were four persons inside: one lady had her arm broken, and a gentleman had his leg broken; the other passengers sustained serious injuries, one dying at Galashiels from the effect of the injuries he sustained.

About nine o'clock the same night the north Briton coach was approaching Chorley, in Lancashire. The coach was meeting some waggons, and was followed by a number of carts. The coachman, to escape the waggons, drew on the opposite side, and, owing to the mist, went too far, and plunged the vehicle down a precipice. One man was killed on the spot.

During the floods in Scotland, in 1829, the coast mail-coach, having left Fochaber at four p.m., got forward, without any interruption, to the Spey, where, in consequence of the boisterous rapidity of the torrent, sweeping along with it corn and wood in great abundance, the boatman were with difficulty prevailed on to ferry the guard across. They stated their determination not to venture again while the current remained so strong. Since that period a substantial bridge has been thrown over the Spey. On his way to the Findorn the guard of the mail-coach called on Mr. Davison, who resides about two miles to the eastward of that river. He accompanied the guard, and promptly procured six men to carry the mails across the river, which was done with scarcely any detention, although the ebbing current was fearfully strong. Four of Mr. Davidson's men then volunteered their services and carried the bags on their backs to Earnhill, where the guard procured a horse and cart, in which he proceeded to Dyke. There the Rev. Mr. Anken was waiting in readiness, with his servants and several lights, to assist to forward the mail. One of the servants from the manse waded before the cart for upwards of a mile, the water covering the road, in many places to the depth of three feet. In Auldearn the guard was met by the Rev. Mr. Barclay, who informed him that the bridge of Nairn had been swept away. After a most boisterous night the cart arrived opposite to Nairn, where, the guard blowing his horn, several persons instantly came forward and advised him not to attempt to cross the bridge, a great part of it having fallen; finding it, however, impossible to get a boat, he drove the cart back to Auldearn, where he remained till three o'clock in the morning, when he again set out on his way to Inverness; and, there being still from two to three feet in breadth of the bridge standing, he, with great peril, passed it. Great apprehensions were entertained that the bridge of Daviot would have been swept away, although founded on a rock considerably beyond the usual height of the water. If this bridge had been carried away the communication with the south by this road, at least for carriages and carts, would have been completely cut off, as there is no place within four miles of the Highland road where the river is fordable. After much toil and perseverance the guard reached his destination at Inverness.

In July, 1827, the Bath mail-coach was overturned on its way from London, between Reading and Newbury, in consequence of the horses taking fright and bolting from the road into a gravel-pit. The coachman was thrown from the box among the horses, and received several contusions from being trod upon. The guard and a foreigner, who was on the top, were precipitated by the shock to such a distance, and with such violence, as would probably have proved fatal to them had not the earth and gravel on which they lighted been saturated with the rain that fell in the course of the day; and to the same cause may be ascribed the trifling injury done to the horses and the coach. In a few minutes after the accident took place a Bath coach came up. The passengers rendered every assistance in their power, and, with some difficulty, succeeded in extricating the inside passengers from the mail. Among them was a naval officer, who was going to join his ship at Plymouth, but he had suffered so much from the concussion that he was speechless and unable to move. He was conveyed to a small cottage on the road side, but died the following day.

In December of the same year, as the Salisbury coach was on its journey to London, the fog was so thick that the coachman could not see his way, and at the entrance of Bedford, near Hounslow, the horses went off the road into the pond called the King's Water, dragging the coach along with them. One of the passengers, Mr. Lockhart Wainwright, a young man of five-and-twenty years of age, belonging to the Light Dragoons, was killed on the spot. The water was about 2 ft deep, with a soft bottom of mud about 2 ft more. Whether he was suffocated in the mud or killed by a blow was not ascertained. In the inside of the coach were four females—the wife of the deceased, her maid, a Swiss governess in the family of the Marquis of Abercorn, and another lady. They

all narrowly escaped drowning. Nothing but the speedy assistance from Bedford could have saved them. Above one hundred persons were assembled in a few moments, most of them soldiers from Bedford. The soldiers leaped into the water and extricated the ladies from their perilous situation; the body of the coach lying on its side, with one of the horses drowned, and the rest kicking and plunging violently. The inside passengers were bruised, but not dangerously. Mr. Wainwright owed his death to his humanity. The night being very severe he had given his place inside to his wife's maid, and mounted the box beside the coachman, with whom he was conversing at the time of the accident.

Occasionally passengers suffered from the inclemency of the weather. On one occasion when the Bath coach arrived at Chippenham the people of the inn were surprised at seeing three outside passengers lying in a state of insensibility. On a nearer approach they perceived that vitality had been actually extinct in two of them for some time, the bodies being perfectly cold. The third, a soldier, had some faint signs of animation left, but he expired the following morning. On the above fatal night it rained incessantly, and the cold was intense.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM No. 71.—Correct solutions received from J. E. C., Arthur W., A. P., R. W. S., I. S. T.

W. C. BOWYER.—The problem sent, we are sorry to say, is not quite up to our mark. Besides, what is the use of the cluster of pieces in the top left-hand corner? There should be no piece or pawn in a problem that is not actually necessary. We shall be glad of another specimen.

A. J. and W. P.—Many thanks for the games.

R. W. S.—The variation you refer to is not new. You will find it in the German *Handbuch*, and in Mr. Wormald's "Chess Openings."

A. W. WEBB.—The problem sent is an "impossible" position. The Black Pawns must have made eleven captures at least, and White has lost but three Pawns and two pieces.

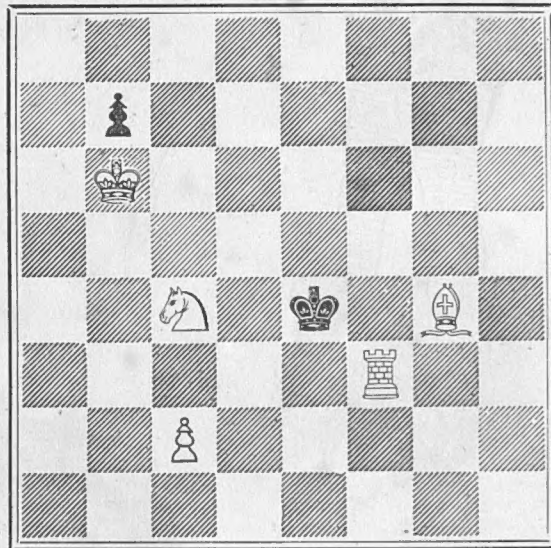
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 71.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R takes Kt (ch) K takes R*
2. P becomes a Rook and mates next move. K to B 4
*1. K to B 4
2. P becomes a Bishop and mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 72.

By Mr. P. T. DUFFY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

COUNTIES CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The following game was contested between Messrs. Blackburne and Bird in the handicap tournament of the British Counties Chess Association.

[PETROFF'S DEFENCE.]

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Bird).	WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Bird).
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	12. R to B sq	Q Kt to Kt sq
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	13. Q to K sq	P to K R 4
3. Kt to Q B 3 (a)	Kt to Q B 3 (b)	14. P to Q 5	B to Q 2
4. B to Q Kt 5	B to Q B 4 (c)	15. B to K B 4	Q to K 2
5. Kt takes P	B takes P (ch)	16. R to Q sq	P to K Kt 4 (e)
6. K takes B	Kt takes Kt	17. B takes Kt P	Kt to Kt 5 (ch)
7. P to Q 4	Q Kt to Kt 5 (ch)	18. B takes Kt	Q takes B
8. K to Kt sq	P to Q B 3	19. B takes B (ch)	K takes B
9. B to K 2	P to Q 3 (d)	20. P takes P (ch)	K takes P
10. P to K R 3	Kt to R 3	21. R to B 5	Q to Kt 2
11. K to R 2	B to K 3	22. Q to Q 2,	

and Black resigned.

NOTES.

(a) This move has come greatly into vogue of late, but properly opposed it leads to a dull, lifeless game.
(b) A good enough reply; but 3. P to K Kt 3 is preferred by many players.
(c) A bad move; he ought to have played 4. P to Q R 3.
(d) Even thus early Black has a deplorable game.
(e) Mere desperation. His game is hopeless.

CHESS IN PARIS.

An amusing little Skirmish, played some time ago in Paris between Messrs. Rosenthal and Kolisch.

[KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.]

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	7. P to R 5	Kt to K 2
2. P to K B 4	P takes P	8. P to K Kt 3 (c)	P takes P
3. B to Q B 4	Kt to K 2 (a)	9. Q B takes P	R to K Kt sq
4. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 3	10. Kt to Q 5 (d),	
5. P to Q 4	P to K Kt 4 (b)		and wins.
6. P to K R 4	Kt to Kt 3		

NOTES.

(a) A novel, but by no means a commendable, defence to the Bishop's gambit.
(b) We should have preferred 5. Kt to K Kt 3 at once.
(c) The best move.
(d) Elegant and conclusive. Black's only move now to avert the loss of his Queen is 10. K to Q 2, to which White of course would reply with 11. Kt to B 6 (ch).

LORD SUFFIELD, president of the Yarmouth Aquarium Society, laid the foundation-stone of the Aquarium on Saturday last, prior to his departure for India with the Prince of Wales.

FLORILINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London. Retailled everywhere.—[ADVT.]

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